

That No Values Magazine From C1TR 101.9 FM July 2003 Free (G'wan, take it.)

DISCORDER



Punk Fiction: Teresa McWhirter
and Trish Kelly keep it on the
real by telling it on the fake

Yo La Tengo / Manitoba
Moneen / Christine Fellows

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DISCORDER

ISSUE 242 • JULY 2003 • THAT MARDY MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



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Cover

Shannon Hemmett is magic. And I'm not talking magic like that collectible fucking card game. Neither am I referring to some kind of holistic shrub-hugging gramarye. No, I'm talking about the kind of magic where you tell her vaguely what you want and she promptly manages to create the best possible cover out of a digital camera and some pixie dust. Seriously.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the August issue is July 9. Ad space is available until July 23 and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.9364, e-mail us at: ctmgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA. We apologize for any inconvenience over the past year. We now return you to your regularly scheduled college radio music/culture magazine.

printed in canada

SONAR



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604 683 6695

events at a glance:

YARDBIRDS w/ special guests NASTY ON (Early Show) - THU JULY 3

Presented by HOUSE OF BLUES CONCERTS CANADA. The granddaddies of garage rock return with a new album. Doors 7pm / Showtime 7:30pm / \$22.50 Advance tickets available at Ticketmaster (charge by phone 604.280.4444).

ANDY SMITH + SCOTT HENDY (Late Show) - THU JULY 3

DYNAMO PRODUCTIONS: ANDY SMITH + SCOTT HENDY (Portishead / Illlicit Recordings - Bristol, UK) 2 Guerilla presents former Portishead tour DJ, ANDY SMITH and SCOTT HENDY. Late doors 10pm / \$13.50 Advance. Tickets at On Deck, Bassix, Boomtown, Active Pass, Zulu & Scratch.

DISCO D (Tommy Boy Records, NYC) - FRI JULY 4

Presented by TIGERSTONE ENTERTAINMENT: DISCO D's GhettoTech is what would have happened if drum'n'bass had been created in America. "Party fodder for people whose booties have attention deficit disorder," and "perfect for dancefloor freaks who...like their records fat and nasty." "XLR8R. Get ready, 'coz Disco D is gonna throw down the tightest ghettoTech/hip hop set you won't wanna miss. Plus legendary residents, VINYL RITCHIE & DJ CZECH. Enter to win tickets at www.tigerstone.tv. Doors 9pm / Cover \$8 / No Advance Tickets - Arrive Early! Doors 9pm/\$12 at the door only.

COLOR - Sound / Fashion Show / Art Exhibit / Dance Performance - TUE JULY 8

House and hip hop DJs from Japan alongside locals. Fashion show featuring 6 local designers (punk/kimono-dress/haute couture and more!) Art exhibit in the lounge. Special guest: Japanese traditional "Nou" dancer Yayoi. Doors 8pm/Fashion show 10pm/\$12 Advance tickets available at Konbiniya (1238 Robson St) \$8 with flyer

TACTICAL TECHNO SHOWCASE 2 featuring AKUFEN (MTL) - LIVE PA - THU JULY 10

PH1.ca presents Room 1 (Gitch/Electro/Minimal featuring) AKUFEN (Force Inc. - MTL). Enlightening with his shortwave radio broadbands, cutting and splicing the formulas of house, techno and pop into sensibilities that emanate one simple word - FUNK. Plus Force Inc.'s MIKE SHANNON alongside HAITCH & HASSELHOFF. Room 2 (Tribal/Hard) with SON OF JACOB, EXODUS, and ZED. Doors 9:30 / \$8 advance tx at Zulu, Active Pass, Boomtown, FF.

18th ANNUAL MISS W.E.S.A. PAGEANT - SAT JULY 12

Hosted by Bill Munroe, come and check out this year's Miss W.E.S.A. Pageant. Last year's event was a full house and this year will be no different, as the dudes and dolls compete once again for the crown. Doors 6pm/Showtime 7pm/\$5 Advance tickets at Little Sisters and Pumpjack Pub/\$10 at the door.

DJ CRAZE (The Allies, MIAMI) @ DIRTY DEEDS - FRI JULY 18

His roots seeded in hip-hop, CRAZE is a retired veteran of the DJ battle circuit holding a record 7 DMC & ITF World Champs/Top 10 titles (and he's only 25!). Perhaps the most respected American jurgist in the UK scene and is no stranger to the Vandy massive. Doors 8pm/Set time 11pm / Cover \$12

A.R.E. WEAPONS - LIVE (Early Show) - SAT JULY 19

A.R.E. deemed "Messy and most definitely raw 'Noo Yawk' noisy street hip-hop from people with no respect for any of the genre's clichés." Plus Radio Berlin (live), KONRAD BLACK (Nowhere Fast/Swayzak) & March21 (Circlesquare/Output Recordings). Doors 7pm/Showtime 8pm/\$12 Advance tickets at Scratch, Zulu, Ticketmaster (charge by phone 604.280.4444)

DOC MARTIN (Late Show) - SAT JULY 19

DOC MARTIN (Wax Records, LA) @ LARGE Presented by TNA. Large welcomes one of the left coast's true pioneers in house. DOC makes his Sonar debut with an extended, late 3-hour set of deep, funky and tribal house. Plus Large residents. Late doors 10:30pm (following ARE Weapons)/ \$15

DJ LACE & DJ NOAH @ TACTICAL - (THU) JULY 24

PH1.ca brings the old school heroes of Vancouver. DJ LACE sets up for his live pa, visuals, robotics performance while DJ NOAH of Homebase radio fame displays his vast record collection of techno and breaks. Alongside new-schoolers: KYLE NORDMAN (tribal prog/breaks/techno) and KID B (house). Doors 9:30pm/Cover \$6 btl 10pm / \$10 After

VICE MAGAZINE SUMMER PISS-UP - THU JULY 31

Emerging from the dirty mean streets of Vancouver's eastside, NASTY ON's alcohol fueled rock'n roll mayhem exemplifies Vandy's claim to be the next Brooklyn. Vice Magazine's summer party also features FOURTH WORLD OCCUPANTS, QUADRA & DJ JOHN COUGAR. Get your hands on Vice's Over sized Photo Annual. Doors 9pm/Cover \$10

IMPORTANT

Please remember to bring TWO pieces of ID. The club is required by law to ask anyone who appears to be under the age of 25 for two pieces of ID. This second piece must include your name with your photograph or signature.

NIGHTS

WED	GRANDE - RAB / HIP HOP / REGGAE
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SAT	LARGE - HOUSE
SUN	NUMMY - REGGAE / HIP HOP

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music sucks

editorializing by Chris Eng

So, that's it. I'm out. Hasta luego, Vancouver, vaya con queso, DISCORDER. I've gone the distance, done my time, finished my metaphorical community service, put in a year as editor, and in that stretch I've run the heights and depths of human emotion, had some of the best times of my life, and collided headlong with some of the most stressful.

Friends? I've made a few—but then again, too few to mention... after I drove them off with a production deadline-induced psychosis, anyway. But I met some characters along the way. I mean, how many times in your life can you count a man with the last name "Meat" among your friends? Not bloody many. You need to cherish these moments when you can, folks; this is the gold rush.

Right, so where was I? Oh, yeah, I'd like to thank my manager, my wife Willow (without you I'm nothing; I'm under your spell), God almighty (la, Shub-Niggurath, Black Goat of the Woods with 1,000 Young!), and Egg McMuffins, without which I might never be tardy. I'd also like to thank the wonderful staff at CITR for allowing a

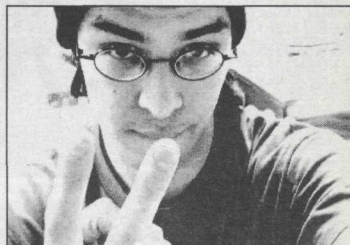
Best of luck, Merek. Here's what you need to know:

1) It's true what every editor says: once you take on the job, there's really no time for you to do your own writing due to your brain being consumed with the task of processing other people's words. There is practically a surplus

tion of contributors and volunteers, that cat-herding analogy is horrifyingly apt.

12) If you get serious with the columnists about deadlines, they will either call you names (like "Der Führer") or openly mock you (which, I allow, would probably happen anyway).

13) If you don't get serious



The Editor has left the building. Peace and I'm out. —Chris

of time for your empty brain to absorb America's Most-Emaciated Model Search, though.

2) Free CDs will only get you so far.

3) Ditto books.

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geek to get needlessly esoteric on a monthly basis (if you caught the three cultural references in the previous sentence, you get, well, nothing, but I'll respect you in the morning).

Over the course of the last year, I've also managed to archive a mental encyclopaedia on publishing and the way the industry works. Things they don't tell you in books or classes. You know, the useful stuff. So, as the reins of command are being passed to our beloved resident Brit, Mr. Merek Cooper, I feel it is my duty as an editor and a friend to pass on the corpus of advice and wisdom that I've accumulated along the way. Sure, I could just tell him, but there would be something inherently ironic about establishing an oral history for a print magazine, don't you think?

4) Ditto sex. (Okay, okay, I never got laid because of DISCORDER, but it was still a pleasant pipedream, thanks very much.)

5) Sometimes publicists will call and call and all you can do is stare at the phone in horror every time it rings, periodically swatting it with a large stick.

6) The Organ rules.

7) Local band The Fuck Up Kids apparently like to go by the name "Fucked Up Kid." Who knew?

8) Sleep is a privilege, not a right.

9) Caffeine is a necessity, not a luxury.

10) Friends/significant others/companions are superfluous, not other human beings who would probably like to hang out with you from time to time.

11) Regarding the coordina-

with the columnists, they will never turn in anything. Ever.

14) If anything goes wrong with the magazine, it's your fault. Unless it's a printing error, in which case it's partially your fault.

15) Every absent comma or extra space will stand out in your eyes like a clearcut patch on a virgin mountain. No one else will notice.

16) If people like what you've printed, they won't write. Conversely, if they don't like what you've printed... well, they probably won't get up the gumption to write in then, either.

17) There is no separation of personal and private anymore. You are now a Doctor Moreau-esque human/magazine hybrid shambling around for others to gawk at like a degenerate circus freak. And after a few months of no sleep and a bad diet, you'll swear that everyone that glances even vaguely in your direction is doing exactly that.

18) It's all lies and bullshit. All of it. If you believe any of it, you're sunk.

19) And, above all else: "You've got to know when to hold them, when to fold them, when to walk away, and when to run. You never count your money when you're sitting at the table—there'll be time enough for counting when the dealing's done."

HOLY CRAP, IT'S ALMOST THAT TIME AGAIN

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dear airhead

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CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISMS

Dear Airhead,
I am writing to give you some constructive feedback on your music magazine. Generally it is very good. A-OK! However I have two complaints. Please take this as suggestions for improvement and not as you are going to be offended by this please.

First (#1) There is not enough pornographic and erotic material involving bicycles.

Second (#2) The G.I. Joe Killaz was very good. Please give more updates on a more regular basis on the situation—vis a vis—Cobra command.

#3 (Thirdly) the horoscopes section is very poor. I can't calculate what sign I am. I think I am not an unusual case when I say that—and most probably—cannot even remember the day of the week and time of day they were born. Also how do you figure out the alternate week thing? I think you should stick to good old fashioned month and year born horoscopes! "On the dial" is also too esoteric a name for the section.

Last (#4) You should definitely do more comics. You should get Marc Bell! He's the best.

Thank you for your efforts!
Mr. Constructivecay itissim-cray

EXTRA (#5) I realize that, in relation to comment #1, that words are harder than pictures to do well. Ultimately writing is better but so are pictures.

Just quickly addressing a few points: you can keep up to date on *The Killaz* by getting on their mailing list at www.thekillaz.net. (And this is a good idea because a lot of stuff has been happening lately—they KILLED Cobra Commander. Yeah. See what you miss if you don't stay informed?)

I know the horoscope section is a little hard to figure out, but it's probably going to stay that way, because we blew our years ago on a machine that would chart all of that for us and we need to get our money's worth on it. It's a little arcane, to be sure, but it's pretty accurate. Especially when you get into the minute hairsplitting of those who fall under the House of Jaz.

Thank you for all of the stickers, religious pamphlets, and New Kids on the Block clippings that you accompanied this letter with. Usually the mail we get up here has no adhesive properties whatsoever, and that makes us sad.

And Marc Bell is the best. He should do bike porn for us.

—Chris



trie, Jordan and Danny, re-
in New York City at Z-100's
latzer, images

**Pictures of the New Kids in
the mail: creepy or cool or
both at once?**

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

We have a problem! We can't ignore it any longer! We must put a stop to anorexia in rock and roll!

I'm not talking about women. There are anorexic women everywhere, and people like it. It's too late to turn that shit around. I'm talking about the increasing number of males with legs thinner than their drum sticks, necks skinnier than the ones on their guitars, dicks slimmer than their fucking bass strings. WHAT is going on?

Look, I don't know who decided that being thin was a good idea, but it's not. Thin is out, man. It's not just out, it's sick. Mick Jagger's cool or whatever, but he's gross. Steve Albini's pretty neat, I guess, but he's a perv. He looks like a walking penis. It's no good. Those guys never get laid, man. The whole point in being a rock star is so you can get laid, right? Well, as a hot broad, I can tell you that no hot broad wants to lie around with a cold floor board.

I'm not saying that you should work out and get all shapely and shit. I'm saying you've got to get fat and squishy. I'm saying you should eat until your face looks like pork. I'm saying you should drink until your belly comes out like a bag. Well,

Mick Jagger's cool or whatever, but he's gross. Steve Albini's pretty neat, I guess, but he's a perv. He looks like a walking penis.

not so much that it weighs down your erection. That's no good.

In the early '90s, the two guys that got laid the most were Tad Doyle and Van Conner. Sure, Chris Cornell and Eddie Vedder were the ones who walked around shirtless all the time. They were the ones that got on the cover of *Spun* or whatever, but the chicks didn't go for them. They figured they were taken, so they went for the poor, old fat dudes who

turned out to be the most fun. Like trampolines and gelatin. FUN!

I guess the real root of the anorexia epidemic is drugs. No, actually, it's vegetarianism. Vegetables are cool. Just deep-fry them. Or dip them in ice cream or something. Trust

me, man. You'll need a good coat of fat to survive on tour. It's going to get cold driving in the middle of the night. Some nights you might not get paid enough to eat properly, so you're going to have to rely on your fat reserve. But most importantly, a tour isn't a tour unless you hook up with some broads. The hottest ones are only going to go for the big dudes. Next tour, you don't need to pack anything but some weight. Extra pounds = extra POO-SAY! Trust me. •



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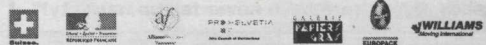
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panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

"There's a time for war,
and a time for reloading."
—Doonesbury's Trudeau

The European Summer Edition

Fuck indeed. Seven days in Spain convinces just about anyone that Bush isn't the only one reloading his weapons in a mad frenzy... The anti-Americanism in the air is palpable, and it was all but necessary to tattoo a Canadian flag to my forehead in a last-ditch effort to convince the cabbies to avoid side-impacting my frail, northern body into the ancient, Roman walls of Barcelona... The graffiti on the walls spoke it all—and not only from the anarchist *Catalunyas*, as some very respectable looking clothing stores in the windy streets of the Old District had converted those "No Entry" signs into crossed-out bombs... ¡¡No a la Guerra!! Back when millions were hitting the streets worldwide, the energy peaked in Spain with an astounding 91% of the population against the war, shutting down the major cities by banging on pots & pans... I can imagine the clamour and the utter seriousness of such a symbolic gesture, rising against the US, the UK, and the pro-war Spanish Government—not only against imperialism and wanton, needless destruction, but neatly conjoining the politics of autonomy that underlie *Catalunya*. Life here is loud, and protest is even louder; while I was staying in my fourth-floor apartment on Balmes an infestation of 3,000 hot, greased motorbikes terrorized the city with high-volume psych-warfare: honking at levels far exceeding 100 decibels, revving engines in the 36-degree heat, and calling out the *Policia*—and this was just to show a little muscle against rising insurance rates for motorcyclists (which, given the number of tanned Spaniards on crutches in the downtown core alone, might be a damn good idea).

Is this truly evidence of the power of protest in the Old World? And can one really take it seriously? Up until only a few short decades ago Spain was still under a dictatorship, and the high-powered sentiments against the Americans from France and Russia have more to do with the exact way in which Middle Eastern oil is to be distributed. The question of ethics, the absolute lying & subterfuge that "embedded" Gulf War II as "absolutely necessary" is somewhat of a front—most of Europe had all contracts with Iraq. But if this is the case, it has not stopped the London press from taking the cause to its limits by front-paging a full, official inquiry into Blair's claims that Iraq had those infamous, nasty—and apparently invisible—Weapons of Mass Destruction. At least the UK public is relatively informed that no WMD were ever found—in the US, according to a recent PIPA/Knowledge Networks poll, 41% believed the US had found WMD, and 22% believed Iraq had used chemical or biological weapons in the war. Perhaps this also accounts for the Spanish popularity of Michael Moore's *Bowling For Columbine*, which is still playing to packed theatres. Everyone I spoke to had a question to ask from

reconstruct a divisionary global field of polarized politics. Take some footage of the rallies in Spain—or, hell, Germany—age it in Final Cut, and I'd be willing to bet that nothing much has changed—at least in outward appearances—since some of the more popular gatherings of the Second World War. As those inept motorcyclists so aptly displayed, they could be rallying about anything. As long as there is something to hate, there is at its converse, something to love and thus, defend—even if it's an idea. This is the core of the whole problem. "Love" embraces the same dynamic; this was the whole trip with the '60s: with Hippie Love came Militant

Canada is a violent, underlyingly racist country—one only has to look at our history of Japanese internment camps, First Nations issues, corporate asslicking and "multicultural" policies.

the film, wondering if it was true that Canadians kept their doors unlocked, and if Windsor is as peacefully different from Detroit as it appeared to be. "Sort of." What else could I say? Canada is a violent, underlyingly racist country, too—one only has to look at our history of Japanese internment camps, First Nations issues, corporate asslicking and "multicultural" policies—but somehow we seem to avoid the nastier manifestations of ultimate Fear & Paranoia which govern US politics. Decriminalization was a big plus for Canada—anyone in Spain who knows we are within an inch of freeing the weed was ecstatic. And let that be a note to our government: decriminalization improves our international image.

Back to the Brits: Blair's spittle-laden speeches were maybe a little too eerily reminiscent of events 70 years ago across the Channel... Will Blair get it, too? (And he's Labour!) Meanwhile, Bush looks untouched. Not surprising, but why? For reasons that most necessitate rewinding the clock thirty years ago to Nixon. A year or two after Watergate—after he was booted from the White House—Nixon's approval rating swung right back into babykissing territory, and he was receiving standing ovations once again. There is something very, very wrong with the majority of human brains.

What's wrong is the same fucked-up sense one feels in European anti-Americanism. It can name the enemy, but only the obvious one, and only to

erase the Face! •

Not that we're able to simply jump out and escape the whole mess. In early June, a debate erupted on Nettime.org as to how to define our current state of affairs: has the time come to call the US "fascist" at the level of political analysis? What do we mean and understand by "fascism" today? If we define "fascism" as: a basic State structure that necessitates surveillance and militarized police control of its own population (what Virilio calls "endocolonization"), a prioritized global military agenda, actions taken to silence serious dissent both internally and externally, an economic agenda protected by the use of military force, secret State operations conducted beyond the reach of law (of the State and international), and the ignorance and dismissal of international law & agreements (World Court, Kyoto, Geneva Convention), then we already have identified the basic components of "fascism." Fascism proper, insofar as we have historically named it, and as Brian Massumi has pointed out, relies upon a shift of perspective to a Leader—the "black hole" of the leader's face, the intense faciality of a cult-following, i.e., a massive manifestation of what we can call "pimpot patriotism." So, here's some news: the US is withdrawing troops in the Korean DMZ. Guess why? So they can utilize tactical nukes. The war, folks, is far from over.

Eraser the Face! •

over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

It's summer, and many people earmark certain books for this season's fun-in-the sun reading. There's no shortage of titles to amuse you if you're sitting poolside and aspiring to skin cancer. Detective novels, tell-all memoirs, and celebrity biographies rate high on most July/August reading lists. As well, most newspapers give major column inches to chicklit books. Though *Over My Shoulder* has featured a guilty pleasure or three, there's no room for Harlequin here (because they

at night: I need my fix of Harry Potter. My dealer, Raincoat Books, has put my copy in the mailbox, but I'm like a kid on Christmas Eve—I don't know how much longer I can wait.

While anticipating the release of Rowling's latest, I read British journalist Toby Young's *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*. I'd been curious, mostly because of the title's play on the ultimate self-help book, *How To Win Friends and Influence People*. Talk about a tell-all book: Young leaves nothing to the imagination when dissecting his time

summer: go see Chen Kaige's latest film, *Together*. The little violin-playing needs in that film make me sad. Or catch the documentary that will make you laugh and cry, *Spellbound*. Those little spelling bee needs make me really happy. There's also the Vancouver Folk Festival—its summer date and Jericho Beach location make it the most beautiful musical happening of the year—as well as the New Forms Festival and Powell Street Festival. You might also want to stop by some galleries: Antisocial, Xeno, and Onepointsix. And, of course, there's always the option of falling asleep from heat exhaustion at the Sugar Refinery. Remember to dress cool and drink lots of water.

DAVY ROTHBART
The Lone Surfer of Montana, Kansas
(21 Balloons)

Davy Rothbart, creator of Found Magazine (www.foundmagazine.com), is a funny guy. His December Found show at the Sugar Refinery had Vancouverites laughing so hard, it's surprising that no one wet their pants. Sure, the found items (documents, notes, random pieces of paper rescued from the street and dumpsters) are hilarious and sometimes chilling, but it's really the force of Rothbart's personality that makes the examination of these cultural artifacts a compelling exercise. In person, it's hard to tell whether or not his hip hop persona is ironic or if he's totally serious, dogg. Either way, something in his work says, "Support me! Buy me!" so I listened to that voice and bought the magazine and the book.

In the five stories in *The Lone Surfer of Montana, Kansas*, Rothbart writes in a heartbreakingly naive tone. His protagonists are all male and the stories are told from a first-person perspective. The title story is especially good. I had to stop reading it partway through because my lunchbreak was over, and the whole afternoon I couldn't stop wondering what was going to happen. At times, the stories felt like they ended abruptly and I was left wanting more. I can imagine reading *The Lone Surfer* while camping, with the sun on everything and the smell of evergreens in the air, because the book is a little slice of what an idyllic summer should contain. That and a little Belle and Sebastian. •

Everything Is Illuminated has everything I want in a boyfriend: smart, funny, and obsessed with postmodern concerns.

don't send review copies and because my money's spent on shoes—rather than books about someone else buying shoes). Instead, I'll reiterate all the talk about a certain children's book that has made a certain author, according to news reports, "bigger than Queen Elizabeth." Every literate child in the city is probably trying to get his or her hands on a copy of *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*. One Vancouver bookstore sold a thousand copies in the first 24 hours. My 13-year-old cousin rang her purchase in just 48 hours after the release. She stopped by my house clutching her very own spider-killing copy of the fifth book in J.K. Rowling's series and told a long story about how she couldn't buy it for \$23 at a discount mega grocery store (the book retails for \$43). "That's what happens when the book hasn't fallen off the back of a broom," I said. It took a lot of effort not to rip the giant book out of her hands and shout, "It's mine! It's mine!" My wee cousin gave me a withering look, as teenaged girls are wont to do in the presence of a not-cool older cousin. (Apparently, she hasn't forgiven me for bashing her latest idol, Ms. Avril Lavigne, who, incidentally, appears as a celebrity character in the addictive game *Sims Superstar*.) After this quick exchange, we decided to read the first two chapters out loud, which took nearly an hour. The novel's dramatic tension is on par with the radio plays of yesteryear. When my wee cousin's brother (who I guess is also my cousin, if we want to be technical here) picked her up, I was sad to see the book go. Now I'm twitching and can't sleep

at Vanity Fair. The upside of the book is that he's trying to examine New York's unspoken class system. The downside is that he's as self-obsessed as Leah McLaren, or me. (That's a lot of self-obsession, enough to fill several city blocks.) This can make for fun reading, depending on how you feel about books that are all me, me, me! After finishing the book in two days, I concluded that memoirs are a little like reality television: the people involved know that they are subject to an audience's gaze, and "reality" is edited from hours and hours of film/footage. If you are a media-watcher/media-whore/media-lackey, you'll enjoy *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*. But this wasn't enough to prevent me from going crazy from my anticipation of the Harry Potter book. I had to spend my lunch hours devouring Jonathan Safran Foer's *Everything Is Illuminated* in order to keep my sanity. Boy, was it tasty—and so much healthier than a diet of tabloids and glossy magazines. The book combines the epistolary tradition with the modern take of protagonist-as-omniscient-narrator. *Everything Is Illuminated* has everything I want in a boyfriend: smart, funny, and obsessed with postmodern concerns. Needless to say, Foer is my latest crush (I love his book and have seen pictures of him in a duffel coat and glasses), and only good sense is preventing me from staking out his Williamsburg home (he lives near Paul Auster) and asking him to be my New York best friend. Finally, if you're tired of being housebound, here are some other good ways to spend your time this

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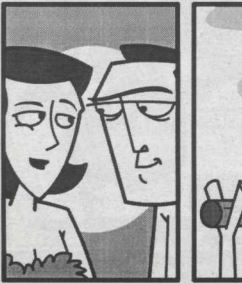
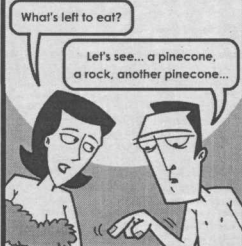
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SCREW YOU and your pointy shoes.



by klong.

EDEN: Pop. 2



(Love me? Hate me?... eat me. rarejams@shaw.ca)

Strut, fret & flicker



performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

TINSEL & CREAM #6

Friday, May 23

Western Front

Good production values have never hurt any show's underground cred, and the latest installment of *Tinsel & Cream* could have benefited from some proactive attention to the technical glitches and yawning gaps that gave a gimpy feel to an otherwise impressive cabaret. The artists on the bill were so widely disparate that the programme needed some serious curation, so I'd have tweaked the running order as well. That said, the night did have a choppy charm. Even Mistress of Ceremonies Suzanne Ward was a rattle in the dash with

ods of philosophical analysis could be employed. Hegelian epithets flew and Foucault was invoked as members accused each other of being "hopelessly Schopenhauerian." Meanwhile, a porn film unspooled on a wall beside them in all its grunting glory. While the meeting's terminal verbosity began to feel obscene, the graphic labours in the porn flick took on a scientific air. Apparently, SPU is planning to offer a Porn Studies course this autumn, of pornography should be required viewing—it's outrageous, well-crafted, and stupefyingly literate.

Folk noir troubadour Kevin House picked up after intermission with a beautiful

and hold it hostage for a very long time. The break had given him ample time to visit the bar and he came on stage bearing a glass of scotch like a lethal prop. It's not the first time I've seen a performer get progressively hammered on the job, but, unlike most, who more or less stick to the business at hand, Dayton was spooling for a fight. He pouted and flounced, heckled the audience and kept aborting attempts to screen video footage of himself. This man needed a handler and, unfortunately, Mistress Ward wasn't up to it. Opting for the conciliatory approach, she offered up her spandex-clad tush for him to whale on with the microphone. This would pacify him for short periods because he liked the sound that it made. An invitation to rumble was accepted and, in the resulting fracas, the floor was littered with broken glass. The couple in front of me fled in consternation as Dayton lunged at the audience looking for fresh contenders. What a consummate pro.

The episode would have been pure Dada if the show had just ended in this dissolute fashion but, sadly, Chappelle's haunting and wonderfully named *Natalie Without a Cause* had to close the programme after focus had been shredded and the audience had thinned. Consisting entirely of collaged sound and footage from *Rebel Without a Cause*, the video featured Natalie Wood in bleeding, amplified colour. Deprived of both narrative continuity and (save for one brief clip) James Dean, the Hollywood icon wandered among the truncated scenes, bumping into edits and dragging ghostly, out-of-synch dialogue behind her. Watching was like a dream that I wanted to have again.

As we knocked around outside afterwards, House began hucking copies of *Gutter Pastoral* out the window of the upstairs loo like party favours and I gleefully scored one, busted CD case and all. Funny how this gave the show the closure it needed.

THE PLUGHOLE

After five years, Vancouver's only microcinema will be history when *The Blinding Light!* shuts down its projectors for the last time on Friday, July 18. That night's closing bash should be right out of order—so be there. Also try to catch some of the remaining screenings in the next two and a half weeks. That way, although you'll still be sad, you'll be able to say, "Je ne regret rien."

of pomology: it's a really boring picture until you look at what's going on in the background.

her low-brow yokel demeanor. Things got underway with a screening of *Shawn Chappelle's California, Mexico*. The video artist still burns his way into your eyes with intense colour, but in his recent work, themes are dealt with more subtly. Here, in a gesture of symbolic repatriation, the candy-coated hues in scenes of California were burned away by the hot-hue reds and golds from south of the border. The raucous audience seemed baffled.

By contrast, multi-tasking scenester **Robert Andrew Dayton** needed no explanation. He appeared in storytelling mode and read us a letter to a friend who'd inherited a castle in Europe. In it, he fantasized what their life together would be like if she let him come to stay with her. It was delightfully written and elegantly unhinged.

The evening's biggest wallop came with **Dylan Cree's** of pomology. It hit the screen with such hysterical brilliance that the crowd was just begging for mercy. The film concerned a society of academics whose mission was to legitimize pornography as a field of study in which rigorous meth-

set drawn from his CD, *Gutter Pastoral*. The live addition of **Ida Nilsson** on piano and **J.P. Carter** on trumpet offset his acoustic guitar and processed voice with texture and emotion.

The show had already been eclectic in the extreme, but pianist Paul Pimley truly seemed to have landed from another galaxy where virtuosity is a given and the only important things are art and the moment in which it's being made. The man is a fucking athlete on his instrument. He played three selections from Stockhausen's *Tierkreis* and then treated us to one of his own compositions against a video backdrop from Chappelle. The music was like a symphony for a building site—full of metallic crashes and tumbling, broken melodies. All the while, he kept his eyes on the screen so as to stay connected with his collaborator. What humility.

And then for something completely different. A little Dayton was a dangerous thing because it meant the rest was yet to come. He had expected to do one long set and was miffed at having to split it into two parts. In retaliation, he returned to hijack the show

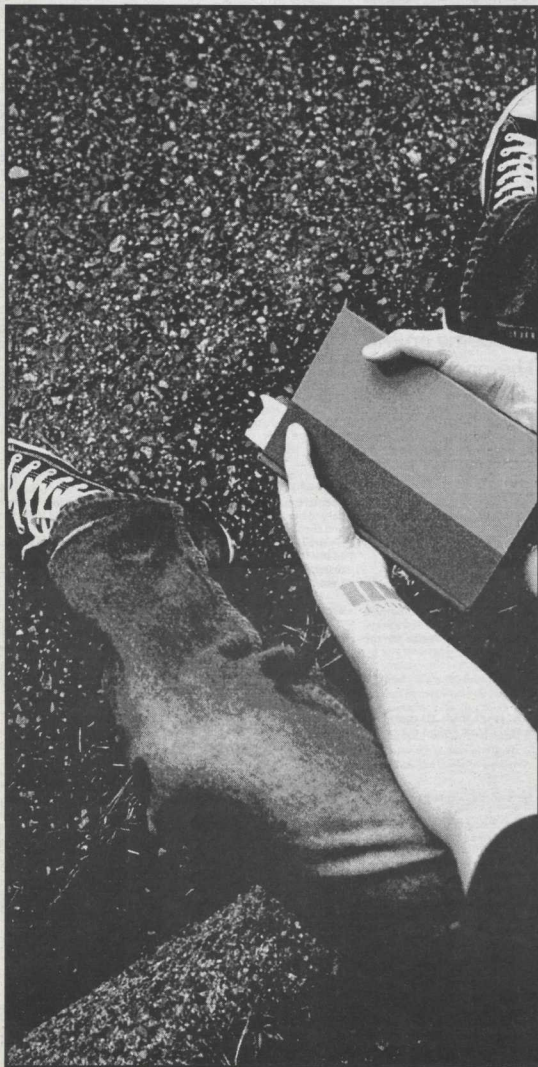


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PUNK READS O.K.

THREE LOCAL AUTHORS REVEAL THE INHERENT TRUTH ABOUT THINGS.

”



You can read as many non-fiction books as you want, hidden away from the world in your musty, dusty chambers, but none of your book-learning will have as accurately and incisively taken apart the world as fiction's delicately beautiful precision.

And you can go to as many classes on Sub-Culture and Subversion as an Anthropological and Socio-Political Movement in the Post-Modern Landscape, but you won't know anything about punk or what it's like to grow up outside the walls of society. Luckily, Vancouver has a variety of voices dedicated to letting people into the cloistered world of punks, queers and the *auslanders* at the fringes.

This month, DISORDER is proud to present three of them: Teresa McWhirter, Trish Kelly, and Juls Generic.

Remember: just because they make it up doesn't mean it's not real.

Mask

by Trish Kelly

I was nine when *Mask*, the movie starring Cher as a biker mom with a hideously deformed son, made it on to *CBS Sunday Night at the Movies*. There were things I didn't understand about it, but I liked it because all the bikers were tough but really nice to the hideous boy.

My dad was a biker. Not a big shot, a small time dope dealer with a couple Hondas strewn across the basement floor, and membership at a clubhouse just outside the city limits. His friends owned Firebirds and Dobermans. Their small-time bravado made me feel invisible. Even so, I was fascinated by them.

I was also fascinated by my classmate, Karen Barbeau. Karen had a birthmark on her chin the color of cherry bubblegum, and long brown hair her mother made her wear down. My mother called Karen my best friend, but I felt more like her protector. At recess, I guarded her, taking on any challengers, acting as a decoy or facing the boys head-on.

After school, we played in her basement, dancing to her mom's Loverboy and Air Supply records. We sang the duets, trading off the high and low parts and made dance routines until her mother came down and said it was time for me to go.

Karen's mother always eyed me with mild disapproval. I figured it was because she had a car and we didn't, so every evening Mrs. Barbeau had to drive me home.

Sometimes Mrs. Barbeau's boyfriend drove me home. He had a white Corvette and liked to rev the engine to impress me. I imagined he was a biker too, like my Dad, but nicer, like Cher's boyfriend in *Mask*.

One day, while playing Barbies in Karen's bedroom, I thought up a game that combined my two fascinations—Karen and bikers. I explained the game to Karen, and she lay down on her bed and I lay down beside her. I can't remember who got to be Cher. It didn't seem very important, and we switched off several times. We wrapped our arms around each other, our bodies making one big log, tossing back and forth on her Smurf comforter.

I knew what kissing was. It was the thing the boys threatened Karen with at recess, the thing the girls squealed and ran away from; so I didn't try to kiss Karen. It was enough to be close to her, to feel her breath, bubblegum sweet, on my neck. We didn't say anything at all, just tumbled in each other's arms until we were tired of it, and then Karen's mom came to say it was time to drive me home.

We stood up quickly, our faces flushed, and I scrambled over the discarded Barbies for my shoes. I slipped them on, and Mrs. Barbeau bent down beside me.

She smoothed my ruffled hair, "I think you girls should find a different game to play." She made us look her in the eye and we promised we would.

November—December. A Year of Sorts.

by Juls Generic

Her first semester of college ended. Although preoccupied with the mouth-breathers in her class, Elliot runs a 9 in her Politics of Western Europe class. The first thing she does is a double of acid, which was given to her for her 18th birthday, a few weeks before.

She could see the red tones in her carpet. The world shimmered. The textured walls vibrated. She cleaned the kitchen and opened the doors and windows wide and took deep breaths. She walked in the alleys and felt the rain seep through her pores. When she got back, no one had noticed she had gone. She sewed and dyed her hair a frizzy platinum blonde. She wondered why she only accomplished things when the ground wobbled and the patterns on the tile rose and fell in rhythmic patterns.

The next day, she ate oranges.

At this time, she spent a lot of time talking on the phone to someone she had never met. He phoned her out of the blue one day. An old roommate had given him Elliot's number, but she wasn't setting them up. He was twenty-eight and the old roommate was trying to set him up with her mother. The ex-roommate's mother was in a younger guy phase. She thought they'd get along. Elliot didn't mind. It was like talking to a new person on the bus, except this time it lasted more than the brief between-stop moments. She didn't tell him she did acid. She told him she bleached her hair. He told her he preferred brunettes.

"Well," Elliot said, "good thing we're not fucking."
He was a cook, and he told her how he hated how everyone at work flirted with each other just because it was the only thing that made work more interesting, but he would flirt with Elliot, and she figured it was just because it made his life more interesting.

"I might have a crush on you," he told her one day. "Mostly because you play guitar."
But he didn't ever ask her to play.

His name was Jackson.
One day, in December, Elliot went to an uninteresting bar with some interesting people. Despite their being interesting, she was still distracted when he walked into the bar. Maybe they just weren't interesting at all.

She knew it was him because he'd told anecdotes about his jacket with the Pixies patch, because she knew that his hair grew in natural dread-clumps in the front of his hair, because she knew he was half-black, also he'd told anecdotes about coming to this bar on Tuesdays for buckbeer night, and it was Tuesday, and there she was, and there he was.

"You should give me a cigarette," she said to him, as she walked up to his table. She wanted to set a false precedent of confidence.

He looked a bit worried. He looked down at his empty pack. He glanced over to the guy he was sitting with, who Elliot figured was his roommate, Sam, and she was right: Sam gave her a cigarette. "So are you...?" Jackson asked.

Elliot didn't say anything and sat down. She missed her bus on purpose that night. They took a cab back to his apartment. He first kissed her while they were watching *Apocalypse Now* on mute. He was reciting all the lines, especially the Charlie Sheen ones. She laughed, suddenly, as she saw rage and jungle and death on the screen.

"What?"
"This is a weird movie to be making out to."

In the fall, after Montreal had come and gone and left her breathless and confused, when she spent evenings on the couch and drank long cups of tea and hated, hated, hated the cold, she wrote poems on the fridge with magnets while the coffee was brewing. The poems were limited, because all the words were unchangably erotic.

And he looked at her like he didn't understand.
And that night, they slipped off each other's clothes in total darkness and stayed in their underwear all night and showed each other their tattoos. The next day, Jackson flew to the Toronto suburbs for three weeks.

He kept calling, more often now. Long conversations about nothing she could remember. He was visiting his parents and in his old bedroom were boxes of Beatrix Potter books and he'd read them to her. On Christmas Eve, they talked for six hours.

He called her beautiful. Often.
When he came back, nothing was how they talked about. Why did he call every day when he was four provinces away but almost never when he lived one bus exchange away? It plagued her.
Plus, he smoked Ultra-Light Viscounts, and he corrected her when she pronounced the "s," even though he didn't care about French, didn't speak it.

"Why do you ever smoke these?" she didn't get it.
If anything, he was usually sharing his cigarettes, even though she hated them, having to choke back a hot inhalation to get anything through the thick filters.

"Because I'm quitting. I'm not really a smoker."
It made her laugh, if not intentionally. He meant it. She gave back the cigarette to his yellow-hued, tobacco-stained fingers which pressed twenty-plus cigarettes into his mouth each day, like that Quebec separatist politician who was always smoking, even in the picture of him getting sworn into Parliament.

Once he came over and she had him dinner and they watched bad television until around one.

"Let's go to bed," she said, "I have a class at 9:30." Which really meant, hey, let's go fool around.

"I'm not tired," so he played Nintendo until he came to bed around 3:30. Then they fooled around. The next day, she realized she should've been mad, but she was too giggly-tired to be. It was a Friday, the day when professors, like high school teachers, like to show movies. She watched *Just Watch Me: The Trudeau Years* which was about bilingualism, and not about the October Crisis. It was about the Summer Language Bursary Program, and making love with strangers, regardless of the language barrier. She sat in the back of the lecture hall, cross-legged, hoodie on, and she knew she'd go. Quebec. Angry separatists. French fucking. A summer away.

When Elliot got home, Jackson was still there, having Nintendo with her roommate Olivia. Elliot slept.

She wanted to go out that night, to a bar close to his house. He didn't, because he didn't go to any bars he thought his ex-girlfriends went to. She wanted to see the band that was playing, so she did. He came with her as far as the bar. It started snowing that night. It was February. The city was fluffy. He left footsteps

when he walked away to the skytrain station.

"I wish you had come with me," Jackson said, when he called her that night.

"I wish you had come with me," she told him back.
She didn't tell him she was going to Quebec, but it didn't matter, because by Valentine's Day, they weren't talking anyways. She didn't know if she cared or not.

Bernice Bares All by Teresa McWhirter

Blue went to go see her old boyfriend, Jake. There was nothing else to do and she was hungry. Blue did this every once in a while; she figured he owed her for those goddamn apple Brown Bettys she'd made during their flailing relationship. Blue had really been into Jake. He was a decent guy but couldn't get off the sauce and the booze was starting to get him. He wrote stories about being a drunk and Blue thought they were good. She just couldn't take the hangovers. She still loved him a bit, and it was a pretty horrible feeling.

"Hey, Blue!" Jake screamed, opening the door. He called her Blue because he said she was always morose. He also used to say she had long face like a horse. "How ya doin'? Ya never come and see me anymore!" Jake wore a white t-shirt covered in dried chili sauce. His hairy chicken legs stuck out of his boxers. He looked really skinny. "Come on in. We're drinking!"

She flopped on the couch, on top of some books and papers. She had learned never to move things. A dark-haired girl in braids sat across the room looking at the floor.

"Drink!" Jake handed Blue a Tupperware glass. "We're starting early." He hadn't shaved for at least a week. He motioned at the

girl. "This is Bernice."
Bernice Delgado. Blue knew who she was. "Hello, Bernice." Bernice looked at Blue for a long time then finally said hello. Jake walked by and she clutched him. He toppled over and fell beside her.

"Got anything to eat?" Blue asked. Jake's place was two rooms over in beer cans and wine bottles filled with butts. She walked into the kitchen and opened the fridge: a jar of mustard and mouldy pork fried rice in a styrofoam container. The sink was filled with grey, slimy water. She went back to the living room.

"There's nothing to goddamn eat here!"

"Yep," Jake agreed.
Bernice picked up her wine and drained it. "Atta girl!" Jake said. Bernice had a large, pointed nose and small, blue eyes. Bernice also had enormous tits. She could've been eighteen or twenty-eight; she had the ageless look of a person unaffected by the world. Blue poured herself more wine.

"What's been doing?" she asked Jake.

"Drinking."
"Yeah?"

"Bernice is in nursing school."

Bernice began to rub the inside of Jake's thigh. He continued on. "I beat up a guy last night," he said. "I got kicked out of the bar."

"Why?"

"The bouncer's a dick!"

"Why'd you beat him up?"

"He was hitting on Bernice. He said he wanted to see her goodies!"

Bernice smiled vaguely. Suddenly she began to unbuckle her shirt. She wore a stretched black bra and ripped that off, too. She got up and started to dance. Blue grabbed the wine bottle. She really had something on Jake now.

"Jesus Christ, Bernice!" Bernice tweaked her nipples.

"What the hell?" Blue said. Bernice kept dancing. The room was very quiet. Bernice began to hum through her huge nose. She smiled and Blue stared at her bottom teeth.

"Bernice, Jesus Christ!" Jake hollered.

"Holy shit!" said Blue.

"Sorry about that," Jake went to the kitchen and got another bottle. Bernice stopped dancing and sat down on the bed. "She likes girls, too," Jake called from the other room.

"You've got a real wild one, buddy," Blue said. It was weird to talk about Bernice like she wasn't there. "Real wild fucking guacamole."

Jake and Blue settled into a fairly normal conversation about people they knew and the long-lost cat. Bernice was still motionless on the bed. Blue wondered what would happen if she

stayed and they all got really loaded.

"I'm going," Blue said and gathered her bag. Blue was still hungry but she knew Jake was probably broke so she didn't try nagging him for money. It bothered her, thinking about what Bernice and he would do when she left. Christ, with all the windows open.

"Sorry about Bernice," Jake said as he walked her to the door. She could tell he meant it.

Blue opened the door and looked back at Bernice. Then she laughed. It was an ugly sound. For a minute she felt great.

Down the hall she heard Jake yell, "Bernice you stupid cunt!"

"I'm sorry...I'm sorry," Bernice sobbed.

Blue slammed the exit door. Jake was turning into a real creeper. She wondered if he'd always been one and she'd never noticed.

On the stairs I stopped to count my change. I had the feeling it was going to be a shitty day, and that Bernice would bother me for a long, long time.

Pie Stories by Trish Kelly

She spent the summer baking pies and delivering them to the little health food store where he worked. He'd come out of the stockroom, his apron blushing from paprika or pale with pastry flour, and he'd apologize for being so dirty.

It happened so often that it felt normal, and he could stare down anyone who suggested otherwise. Like his roommates who watched with envy as he carried down a horde of small plates and forks from his room every weekend.

He did it because she loved him. She always had.

The first time she saw him, he was leaning against his bike in the parking lot, and she felt the entire world go slightly out of focus, like channel two with rabbit ears, but he was cable. He had clean features and wore a scruffy duffel coat in late May. He had a little boy's name, and even through the bulky jacket, she could tell that he was on the skinny side.

And then one time, he played songs down at the café. They were all covers, and most of them she didn't know well, but she started crying during his set because his raspy optimism overwhelmed her. She began to imagine her entire life without kissing him.

Afterwards, she whispered, "You have the voice of an angel," and he packed up his guitar and walked her home.

On the way, she started planning their next pie. It was late June and she had a freezer full of local strawberries.

There were some silent moments, and stupid jokes, mostly this. She laughed, the staccato of her voice bouncing off the brick row houses and metal staircases that lined her block.

They stood outside her building for a moment, and she couldn't think what to say. So she reached for the keys in her pocket and opened the door, hoping he was following. The door closed quickly behind her and she needed to watch him sprinting across the street and then out of sight by the depanneur.

He left because he wanted to go upstairs, because he wanted to ask her if he could use her bathroom. But he'd felt longing and disappointment so many times, they felt like a cause and effect relationship. It seemed too fatalistic.

He started walking home, his hands in his pockets. He thought about the girl and how stupid she probably thought he was. He pulled his hands into the sleeves of the duffel coat. For a moment, he felt like a little boy again. Blameless.

She climbed the stairs to her flat and then lay in bed until the sun came up, trying to pathologize what had happened, thinking it would be better to be sick than at the mercy of such mystical forces as love.

Until by Juls Generis

Elliot wrote poems on fridges, sometimes. In the fall, after Montreal had come and gone and left her breathless and confused, when she spent evenings on the couch and drank long cups of tea and hated, hated, hated the cold, she wrote poems on the fridge with magnets while the coffee was brewing. The poems were limited, because all the words were unchangably erotic.

SheRespectsHerOrgasms;
NighttimeSweepingFast
HightightTogether
DrippedLove.

HoldPleasureInPosition
AsItHadMotelFear
KissMorning.FeelVirgin

They all had to be about sex. Once she wrote a real clever one about masturbation, which Olivia liked.

"How was Montreal?" they asked her. Everyone did.
"Good times, bad times. I met a girl on PCP at the Forgotten

Rebels show. She had a kitten and her boyfriend looked like Morrissey. We met poor musician types with class consciousness. I didn't speak French to one real French person the whole time, and except the cab drivers. They smoke really long cigarettes and throw them out the window.

Nuances. It was all nuances.

She didn't make love on the proverbial bridge that brought together the anglophones and francophones in perfect Canadian harmony until she was back in Vancouver. He read her poems as he drank the coffee she made him.

"What's this? G-spot?"
Language barrier. Fucking swoon.

Blue's Tragic Tales

by Theresa McWhirter

Back in the city, blue slept on Carrotgirl's couch, until the cat began to lose its fur. Then for a week she slept in the jam space of the old wooden band house. After a few lucrative drug deals and stolen appliances easily pawned, she and Hannah moved into the top of a red-shingled house occupied by two punk bands and a graffiti artist who painted a mural all the way up the front walk. The house was owned by a whore who had become too old to be a hooker and decided to run a pharmacy instead.

Blue had grown up well and therefore. At fifteen she had got her diploma on welfare and worked under the table in a restaurant death pit. Her dad was long gone and her mom didn't much care. One day Blue had got on a bus and just kept traveling. She'd stop back in town with stories over the years: squatting in Montreal, the tour in Texas with an anarchist band, Mexico with an angel boy who left her with a bag of tattered cloth. She'd hitchhiked across whole countries and learned how to sleep outdoors well hidden, struggled alone in hard cities like a bit of colored glass. Sometimes she'd call her friends late at night and swear this time she was gone for good.

"Home is where you end up," Blue told Carrotgirl, to explain why she never stayed away for long. Over the years, her possessions had slowly diminished. All she owned now was a wooden dashboard and a shelf of shot glasses. What Blue really collected were the stories of strangers.

They shared a bottle of Blue Nun and talked about Gritboy still doing card tricks in the bar for pitchers of beer, about the girls Jake dated. Carrotgirl asked why Blue and Jake hadn't stayed together. Blue thought for a moment. "I kept losing the plot," she finally answered.

Later, she met Jake in a coffee shop. They talked of surfing, lost love, suicide. The middle-aged waitress had a rose tattoo on her ankle under her pantyhose. She wearily poured their third cups of coffee. "The more you want, the more you suffer," Jake said. Blue watched his fingers play with his necklace of charms.

"Are you coming to the party or not?" he asked.

"Yeah," Blue said. "It's time to get high."

At the party, Blue watched Jake try to pick up a girl with unruly eyebrows. He resented it when Blue interrupted his conversation to ask for a beer. She sat with her spitefulness in the corner, drained drink after drink then went home with two cokehead Marxists who talked politics all night and ran out of drugs too early.

The next morning Blue tripped on her baggy pants walking into the restaurant. "Cutie," the waiter said, swinging past. Carrotgirl read the horoscopes solemnly and her boyfriend had written a song about her falling down the stairs drunk in a club and breaking her nose. He was chicken breast blonde and wore a horseshoe pinkie ring on his left hand.

Carrotgirl had begun to speak to the moon. Blue fiddled with her eyebrow ring and looked around the restaurant. "What kind of a fucking life is this," she said. Carrotgirl looked quietly out the window. A few more hours until they started drinking for the night. They licked the omelet in me," Blue warbled later in the bar.

No one, not even Jake, could capture how she burned, the shabby glamour of a drunken day. How she commanded whole tables with her stories and charming cackles. Hours later she staggered home with a group of boys. They bought drugs in the alley for a mishmash party. Blue forgot she'd ever felt tired.

The next day she woke up in the fading afternoon, spiky-haired and not quite sober. Outside she saw the old hooker sitting on a lawn chair. Her feet rested on the cooler in sparkling red shoes like a middle-aged Dorothy with aching ankles.

Blue put on her bikini top and stepped onto the balcony. She arranged herself under the umbrella like an absinthe drinker in repose. "How are you, Mrs. Jones," she called.

Mrs. Jones lifted her fat arm and waved.

Trish Kelly self-publishes the zine MakeOut Club. Issue #13 is out as you read this, and available at Magpie and better news stands everywhere.

Juls Generis is one half of the local group The Juls and Kahla Collective. Go see them.

Teresa McWhirter's first book, Some Girls Do is published by Polestar Books. She is hard at work on her next one.

EXCELLENT AT REVENGE

NINETY MINUTES WITH TERESA MCWHIRTER

by Chris Eng

I talked to Teresa McWhirter for an hour and a half, and it was all interesting. All of her digressions into politics, the media, and the politics of the media were gripping. But ninety minutes don't fit neatly into a nice, little box, so here's about ten minutes of that conversation. If you want to hear the rest, you should introduce her yourself and chat. She's nice, and likes good music. Buy her a beer while you're at it. She deserves it.

Can you actually make a living off your writing?

Nahly, I wouldn't say that. I think I can get by all right. Really, it's pretty hard to make a living off any art, though, even if it's good.

Yeah, that's true. As far as writing about punks goes, there's a genuine death... that stems from the stigma that you're getting published anywhere outside, like, a zine venue, you're selling out. Has that affected you? Where do you stand on that?

I don't know, I've never been anything but broke, so I guess I don't have an opinion. I know what you're saying, though. I know Kinnie Starr, from Victoria, and they wrote her up in the Georgia Straight—which, for the record, I think is a really shitty paper—but they asked her the same questions and she basically said we need more tools to reach people out of our peer group, which is true, because the whole idea that if you're getting paid for what you do you've sold out is what kind of keeps things underground. But now I think times are changing, because there's just so much crap everywhere. It's just gotta change, really.

Have you been stigmatized at all by the fact that you've had a book published?

No, I don't think so, because I haven't made any money. I don't don't I've really changed, like, "Yeah, I got a pair of new shoes..."

The money you've made doesn't have anything to do with it—it's the perception.

Yeah... yeah. I don't think it's changed at all because, I mean, writing's pretty solitary and I don't think you're doing it so you can get up on a stage and have people recognize you. If that started to happen, that would change me more than anything, I think. I don't know. I think the only really meaningful art comes from people with no money. So, in that way, I'm happy to be poor, if I get to keep writing good stories.

It just contributes to that wealth of experience you can use...

Yeah, that's true. But it would be nice to pay your bills—you know, that kind of thing.

Yeah, what's that old saying? "If you're not rebelling by 20, you've got no soul, and if you're not corporate by 30, you've got no brain." But there's a fine line somewhere between the two.

Yeah, it's a lot more romantic to be dirt poor at 25 than at 35, you know? And you don't really see that many old punks here—I guess not as much as in other places. Larry from the Real McKenzies is one of my roommates, and they always travel in Europe. And I've been there, but I guess I was too young to really know what was going on. Still, it seems that there's a lot more old punks there—like Berlin, have you been there?

No.

That's what I hear, 'cause the punk scene there has been going on for so much longer. I'd like to see that.

It seems like in North America, punk is a transitional thing—it's something you do when you're young, and then you grow out of it, get over it, whatever.

Yeah, that's true. I can see that.

There's not as much emphasis on the politics, or politics as a lifestyle, so much as an edgy attitude.

That's so true. My friend was telling me she lived in Amsterdam for a while and they have organized squats there, you know, where you've got a bunch of punks that take over an abandoned building. We don't have that kind of unity here. I keep hoping that maybe things will change...

Was there anything that made you want to be a writer?

Wow, that's a good one. I don't know, I guess I just love words.

You know, I was a pretty small, sickly little kid, right, so I think I just read a lot of books, and then I guess I used my imagination when I was really young and realized I could put myself in all the stories that I was reading, you know what I mean? And when that clicks in your head, then you can amuse yourself anywhere. Then I just really started to write them down. And I took writing at UVic because I didn't know what else to do—I just like to read books. I'm like, "Yeah, I could do that! Fuckin' Al!"

So you just sort of felt that you should go to university?

Well, I went to Europe, and that was good, I bumped around there, and then I didn't know what else to do, and I had a bit of a scholarship so I'm like, "Fuck, why not?" School's a good place for people that don't really want to work, don't wanna be out in the real world—you know what I mean? There's lifers there. UVic's bad for that—you've got people that have been there for ten years getting involved in student politics. I guess you get to fuck around—I like school, but when I was done, I was done.

You weren't gonna spend any more time than you had to?

Hell, no. Well, the writing department is good there, but it's more the people that go there, not the profs. I can't even tell you how many profs failed me there. When my next book comes out and it's really good, I'm gonna send them all a copy.

So, there's a certain revenge aspect there?

All writers are excellent at revenge. [laughs evilly] It's true, we all have long memories.

For me it was: [in evil growl] "I can't wait to go back to my high school reunion."

No doubt. I went to mine—it was the greatest thing I ever did. It was fun. People change a lot in ten years. Like the people you always suspected would be cool kinda turned out that way. And the people that peaked at 17—they're still wearing their grad jackets...

The "coolest kids in class"?

Yeah. Not the case any more.

In your writing, you jump back and forth between prose poetry and really staccato, straight prose. Is there a style that you prefer more?

Well, that book took a long time to write, because actually, I wrote it as a novel, rewrote it as short stories, then rewrote it again as a linked short story/novel. I started it in UVic, in the writing program, and I was pretty sick of straight narratives, because it's all you study in English. I just felt that these characters hadn't ever really been described before, and I couldn't do it in a straight, traditional way, so it was almost like the content dictated the form. That's how it came to be written that way. And this one right now is just a straight, linear narrative, and it's brutal! It's really hard to write like that. What we're doing as writers now is kind of documenting the times, and so, this is a unique time, I think the stories have to be told in a different way. I think that's why I played around with the form a lot.

It's true, though, you know, there are things in the world today that can't be described in a straight-ahead "He did this, he went there, he did this, he met her" way.

Yeah, well, there's no denying that we've been corrupted by TV and a fast food mentality in our culture. I think people read less now—I don't know if that's true, but if you ask any poet that, they'll say it is.

People read less poetry, for sure. When I introduced the lead feature in DISORDER, a few months ago, one of my friends asked me "Do people actually read?" And I can't ask myself that question, because I have to believe that people do, otherwise what am I doing it for?

[reassuringly] They do, they do.

This is my chosen profession and I love words, and maybe less people are reading, but there are still some people that are reading.

Yeah, and that's who you're writing for. And you've got an even harder job now, because people trust the media less and less, and for good reason. It's pretty disturbing in this city when you've got the Province and the Sun all owned by CanWest Global—you can't believe what you read—and you've got the college papers, which traditionally are not corporate-sponsored so they have a little bit more room to tell the truth. I used to write for the Nerve—I used to write more political newscipes for them, but they don't want that. They say that their readers don't want it; they think they're wrong. Still, what can you do?

Well, there's a really good question—how do you actually get to the truth any more?

I guess that's where punk comes in, right? *

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Dundas, Ontario's Dan Snaith (aka Manitoba) first grabbed the international spotlight in 2001 when his debut full-length, *Start Breaking My Heart*, turned Boards of Canada's weapons against them, creating something completely fresh and invigorating out of the familiar elements of millennial IDM. He won Electronic Album of the Year at the 2002 Canadian Independent Music Awards and went on to play at CMJ in New York and headline the sickeningly cool SONAR Festival in Barcelona. He's since toured five continents and relocated to London, England, releasing an EP with new tracks and remixes from *Start Breaking My Heart*, a limited 12" of UK garage-inspired dance tracks, and finally a new full-length LP entitled *Up In Flames*—all of this (almost unbelievably) managing to work on a PhD in pure mathematics.

The new album shows Manitoba making what appears to be a striking shift in style. He's deepened his trademark layers of rich, innovative percussion while trading his Boards of Canada and Aphex Twin influences for an aesthetic borrowed from the spaced-out psychedelic pop of My Bloody Valentine, Mercury Rev, The Flaming Lips, and the Elephant 6 collective. This comes as less of a surprise for those fans familiar with his roots, however—Dan Snaith is fond of talking about his hometown, the small Ontario burg of Dundas, where he was trained as a classical pianist and jazz drummer. Manitoba's allegiances have never really been to the chin-stroking masses of the techno underground, either—this is a man who once told the press that he doesn't "give a fuck about the electronic music scene." Always a man to blaze his own trail, he has also abandoned the tired practice of performing with a laptop, and is currently touring as a three-piece band with two drummers, glockenspiel, guitar, theremin, vocals, and a mind-bending visual display that annihilates the stereotype of the boring laptop performer.

You named a song after the town you grew up in—in what ways does your music reflect your life in Dundas?

Dundas was full of weirdos and acid casualties. I guess I just met a lot of really interesting, open-minded people there. We were all really into freaked-out music and that's probably what I have to thank for being such a music-obsessed lunatic now. Plus, I'd never have spent 5 hours watching a Zeppelin DVD if I'd grown up in Toronto.

Are you still in contact with Miss J [high school music teacher]? I understand she spends her time listening to music so experimental and academic it makes John Zorn look like 50 Cent... but she likes your stuff.

She came to our concert in Toronto, which was wicked. I have a lot to thank her for. I was going to drop music class in Grade Ten and she literally wouldn't let me. I've been really lucky in that I've had a lot of amazing music teachers throughout my life who got me into practicing for hours and hours each day and shit. I don't ever play anything on a piano with more than one finger these days, but I'm sure it's all in there somewhere! I think John Zorn does look like 50 Cent—minus some of the tattoos.

I'm told you played in a nine-piece funk band called the Cro-nasal Sapiens in high school. True?

Fact. We were the honkiest bunch of crackers you've ever fucking

12 July 2003

JUST A SCHMOE

HE MAY BE WORKING TOWARD A PH.D. BUT MANITOBA'S DAN SNAITH DENIES THE CHARGES OF GENIUS

Interview by saelan

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seen, but Funkadelic and shit was amazing to me when I was in high school. Still is.

Has working on a PhD in pure mathematics concurrently with your music career been difficult to coordinate, in terms of time and intellectual investment? Is it something you're still working on?

Yeah, I've got a year and a half left to go in my PhD. It's completely hectic trying to do both of these things. I don't get to sleep or talk to people any more but it's all worth it when the lights come up and you get to yell "Hello, Cleveland."

There's a lot of talk about your shift from straight electronic music to a more organic rock/pop-influenced mode. How much of the instrumentation on *Up In Flames* is synthesized and how much is real?

It's about the same as the last album. Half of it is samples off records (all the drums, horns, etc.) and half of it's me playing instruments (keyboards, guitars, percussion, other shit). A lot of people assume that the reason this album sounds so different is because it's played 'more live' or with a band or something. That's not true—it's made in exactly the same way as the first one. It's more the choices of samples and sounds that I used that made it a different sounding album.

Do you have any idea how many different instruments you actually played on *Up In Flames*?

There are about 100-400 samples in each track and about half of those are recorded by me. There's basically an enormous amount of shit bugged in there that you can't even really hear because there's so much stuff going on. More stuff than I can keep track of, anyway!

So if you're a musical prodigy and a math whiz, some people might call you a genius...

Hell, no. You've got to do something really special to deserve that kind of praise. I'm just a schmo.

Do you see your music as something you do for yourself, or as something you want to give to others—a gift to your audience?

I definitely do it completely for myself, first and foremost. For as long as I can remember, playing and listening to and recording music has made me really excited and happy and that's why I do it all the time. I don't really care whether it even gets released or not—I'd be doing exactly the same thing one way or the other. That being said, it's really fucking nice when people like it.

All your music, diverse as it is from album to album, has this character of wonder and wide-eyed bliss. Are you a really happy person, or is there some other motive?

I think it has to do with my last answer. Even if I come home super pissed off, making music is the way of becoming happy again. This album was a real escapist sort of thing—London's a grimy, grimy city and it was a way of escaping all that and making some really euphoric shit.

How do you look at *If Assholes Could Fly This Place Would Be An Airport*? Was it just a one-off? A transition? An experiment? What is "this place" that has so many assholes in it?

I did a laptop show for a year and a half that was more dancey—the kind of thing on that 12-inch, and I wanted to release something as a document of that. I really think of it as totally separate to the stuff on the albums. Maybe I should have put it out under a different name—I just couldn't be bothered to think one up! London's full of fashionable hipster assholes. There are lots of nice people here too, though.

A lot of electronic musicians like to release material under different names. You're kind of conspicuous for not doing that, even though your material varies pretty widely, stylistically. Any particular reason for keeping things under one moniker? Any plans for side projects?

I keep answering the questions before I get to them! I don't really have a plan at all. At the moment I've got so much to do that I probably won't be doing any side projects for a while. I really want to get my shit together and make a bunch of killer albums while I'm still young and haven't started embarrassing myself with shitty world music collaborations and shit like that that old musicians always do. I've gotta get some shit out before that starts happening.

It seems like a lot of electronic musicians have really embraced melody and pop elements in the last few years. Aside from yourself, I'm thinking of people like Four Tet, Mum, Dntel and the Postal Service, Styrofoam, Lali Puna, The Notwist, the whole Mory music roster, just about. Do you feel any particular community with these artists?

No. Apart from Four Tet and the first Mum album I don't really like any of that music.

What can you tell me about Koushik [who contributes vocals to several songs on *Up In Flames*], aside from the fact that he's also from Dundas?

He's got the best ears for music on anyone I've ever met. He's going to blow people's minds with his music if people pay attention. He knows more shit about music than anyone I've ever met, and I've met a lot of music nerds! He works in a mental hospital in the forest. I've heard he's going by the name Muto Snugs at the moment.

I've heard this tour's been going really well for you—your tour manager has fifties stuffed in every pocket of his cargo pants and David Bowie wants to be on the guest list in New York. Is success changing the way you see your music and career? Has it affected your plans for the future?

Wow! You really have the inside track from someone. Just to set the record straight: David Bowie didn't show (although David Byrne did) and the fifties in the pockets all went towards paying for four airfares from London. I'd love to make a living out of music and it definitely is possible, but it's really, really hard and really unpredictable. At the end of the day it's really nice to make music but not have to rely on it to pay the bills.

What's in the future for Manitoba?

I'm already itching to start recording the next album. I've already got so many ideas on the go that it's driving me nuts. There's more touring this summer (mostly festivals) and then out to the west coast and remixes and stuff but my first priority is to get making music again. I'm just getting started—the next album's gonna be the killer.

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HUMAN JUKEBOX

TALKING TO YO LA TENGO'S JAMES MCNEW

Interview by Merek Cooper. Photo and illustration by Andrea Nunes



After all this time, do Yo La Tengo really need an introduction? Probably not, but for all those slow learners out there, I'll give you one anyway so you can all catch up. Formed in 1984 by Ira Kaplan and Georgia Hubley, Yo La Tengo quickly established that all-important indie credibility by etching out an endearing collection of albums, each one better than the last. Influences include Velvet Underground, Big Star, cliché, cliché, blah, blah, blah...

Oh fuck it, I'll just say that I spoke to bass player/odd job man James McNew shortly before their Vogue show last month, where some of the highlights included a spontaneous cover of "Dreaming" by Blondie, a collaboration with members of Flying Nun groundbreakers The Clean, and Ira's flailing feedback heroics.

DISORDER: So, why did you call the record *Summer Sun*? When did you record it?

James McNew: We recorded it in October and November of last year. I think the title came after everything else was done; it probably came from hearing the words to the songs that we had just written. There were a lot of consciously unrelated references to seasons and summer and things like that. I don't know, I guess we came up with that and the image on the cover pretty much at the same time. And I think we liked the juxtaposition of the image and the title, it was appealing to us.

And you recorded it in Nashville?

We did, that's right. We've made our last several records in Nashville.

Is there a particular reason for that? Is it the studio or just the producer you're working with?

It's the producer, he lives there. We made the record *Painful* with him in 1993 and at that time he lived in Hoboken, New Jersey. But after that he and his family moved down to Nashville and we really wanted to work with him again, and we just realized it would be so much more feasible for us to go to him rather than to fly him up to New York. It was so much easier to go to Nashville, because the whole city is made of recording studios.

Is it a weird vibe down there?

It's pretty great, actually. It's a vastly mis-described city, I think. It's an amazing place. There is glitzy, crappy, country stuff everywhere, well not everywhere, but... It's also got an incredible array of restaurants and cultures and markets and things. And a really heavy musical history as well—it's not just country, some amazing rock records and soul records have come from there. And, obviously, Lambchop is from there.

You know Lambchop quite well don't you?

Yeah, we've known them a pretty long time now, which is great because there's like 20 of them so we immediately have 20

friends in Nashville. They are our hosts when we're there; we stay at their houses and they're our guides to the city. They have a lot to be proud of. If I ever had the chance to take a vacation, I would probably go back there and check it out when I wasn't working.

Getting back to the album—to me it seems that you've taken a more jazzy, almost fusion direction this time.

I don't know. Fusion to me just seems so noodly and wanky and technical. I know what you mean, but as far as terminology goes, ugh, it makes my skin crawl.

I had actually abscondingly written down in my notes that the album sounded "mellower." Then I read *The Georgia Straight* interview where you said you absolutely hate that term.

[Laughs] Yeah, I do. Playing quietly and playing loud are two things that we always have done. Even during our most intense records or gigs there are still always quiet songs in there somewhere. It's always been a part of our personality. We don't question it, really. If it feels natural to us then we follow it. I mean, we recorded 16 or 18 songs for this record; there were three or four that were really raging and just really loud. We thought they were good but we didn't think they fit in with the bigger picture of the album.

I need to ask you about the *Nuclear War EP*; the children you got to sing on that, how did you find them?

[Laughs] They're all either related to us or they're the kids of our friends. So it was an in-house production, more or less, as far as the kids are concerned.

So you didn't have to ask strangers to let you have their children sing words like "motherfucker" and "ass."

[Laughs] It'd be pretty hard to have to do that with strangers. It was hard enough to do that with our relatives. It was a pretty amazing afternoon. We actually played a concert in New York City about a month or so ago and had most of them join us. We had fifteen kids or so on the stage.

Was there anything that particularly inspired you to use children singers? The Langley Schools Music Project, maybe?

Oh yeah, that's an amazing record. It definitely crossed my mind. I don't know, I just liked the concept, the idea of it, you know? There's something that's, like, sweet about it—yet there's also something that's utterly terrifying about it, too. They have no idea what they're saying, whether it's just an improper word or the annihilation of the planet. They're, like, "whatever, we're singing a song."

The other day, one of my friends told me to just send a song to Starbucks. He maintains that you sold out. Is this true?

We composed music for Starbucks.

Oh, in my opinion, that's completely different to selling a hit song. You did that for Coca Cola, too, didn't you?

We did one commercial, yeah, I think that may have been shown for, like, a week. Yeah, I mean there was definitely conflict over the Starbucks thing that we did. I know that it's a giant global heartless evil corporation, but, you know, it was for a drink that really wasn't that good. It was for their little Frappuccino drinks, I can't say that I was a fan, but it was a really fun art project to actually be scoring these really fun animated ads, and we were basically allowed to do anything we wanted. The music was all instrumental and largely electronic—it was really fun to do. Scoring is something that we always wanted to try and it was really fun.

I wanted to ask you about the human jukebox event you do for WFMU in East Orange, New Jersey?

Yeah, we do it every year. We've done it six times now, I think.

And that's a college radio station?

It's not really even a college radio station anymore. It used to be a college radio station but the college itself went out of business, and the only thing that was left was the radio station.

So you decided to do some fundraising for them?

Well, they have a fundraiser every year, like a marathon listener drive where people call in and pledge money. Erm, because, you know, it's a completely non-commercial station. And it's such a great cause so we go on the air live for, like, two hours and make idiots of ourselves. People call in and pledge money and make a request.

Can it be any song or do they have to choose from a list?

Anything.

And you just run with it, playing it off the top of your head?

Yes.

What was the weirdest request?

Erm, they're all pretty weird, really, when it comes down to it. Some of them we know, but mostly we don't know any of them so we just have to play away at it, see what happens and approximate the song as much as we can. Even if it's only for 30 seconds, we'll give it our best shot.

Have any songs worked out really well and you ended up keeping them?

We kept a few. There were a few that people called in that we actually kept and started doing at shows. We were doing "You Sexy Thing" for a while. That was pretty exciting. [Laughs] And, erm... "Don't You Want Me." We played that at someone's wedding after playing it at WFMU. There were lots of them; I think we've come close to playing every song that's ever been written. Well, we've probably come closer than most other bands. [Laughs]

So you're obviously a big supporter of college radio?

Oh yeah, I think stations like WFMU and other college stations are really all that's left of radio, period. I was a DJ at school and that was an amazing experience for me. It blew my mind wide open to every kind of music there is.

Another thing I really wanted to tell you was that when my girlfriend and I first met, we basically fell in love listening to your music.

Aww, that's sweet.

How does that make you feel?

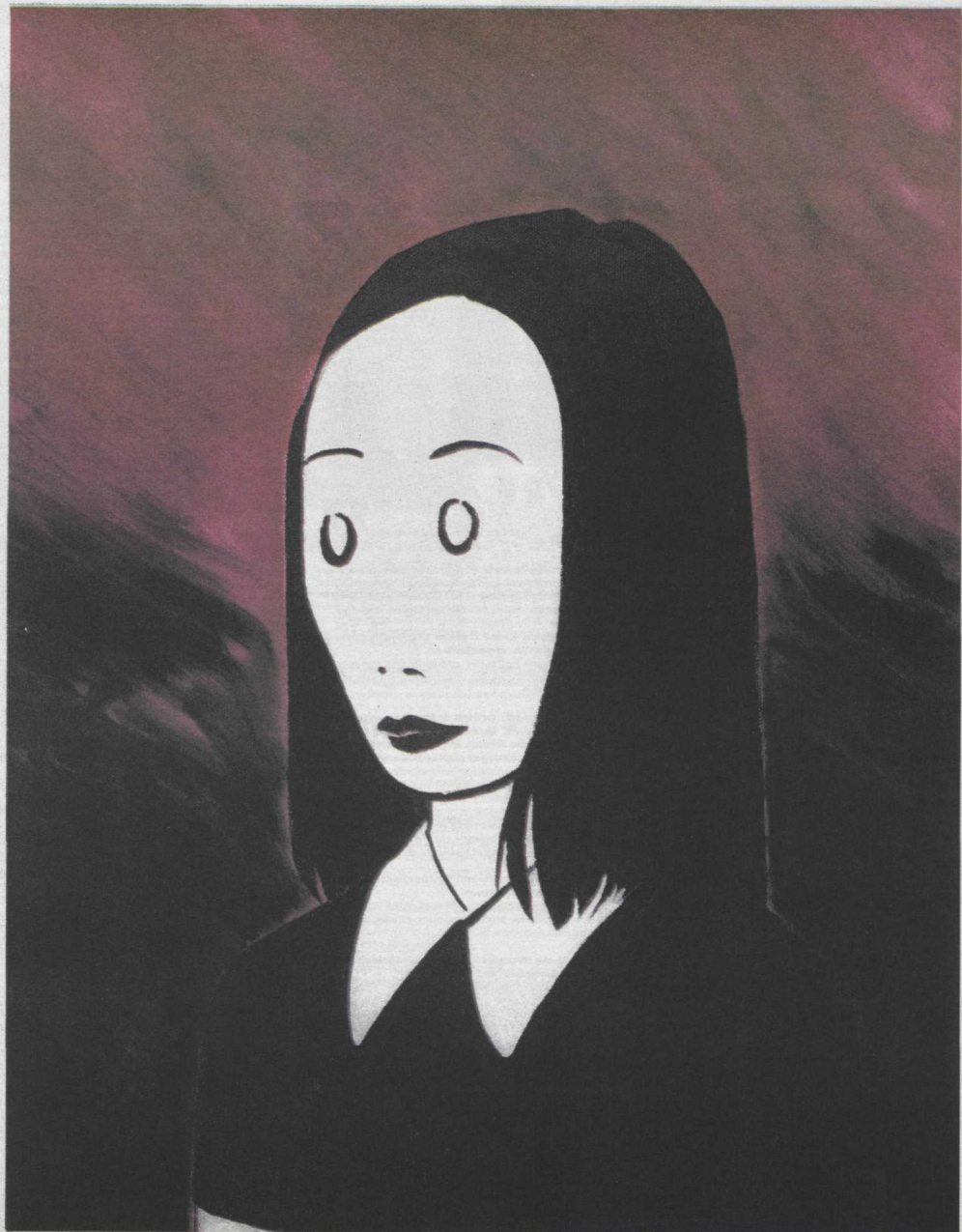
It makes me feel great.

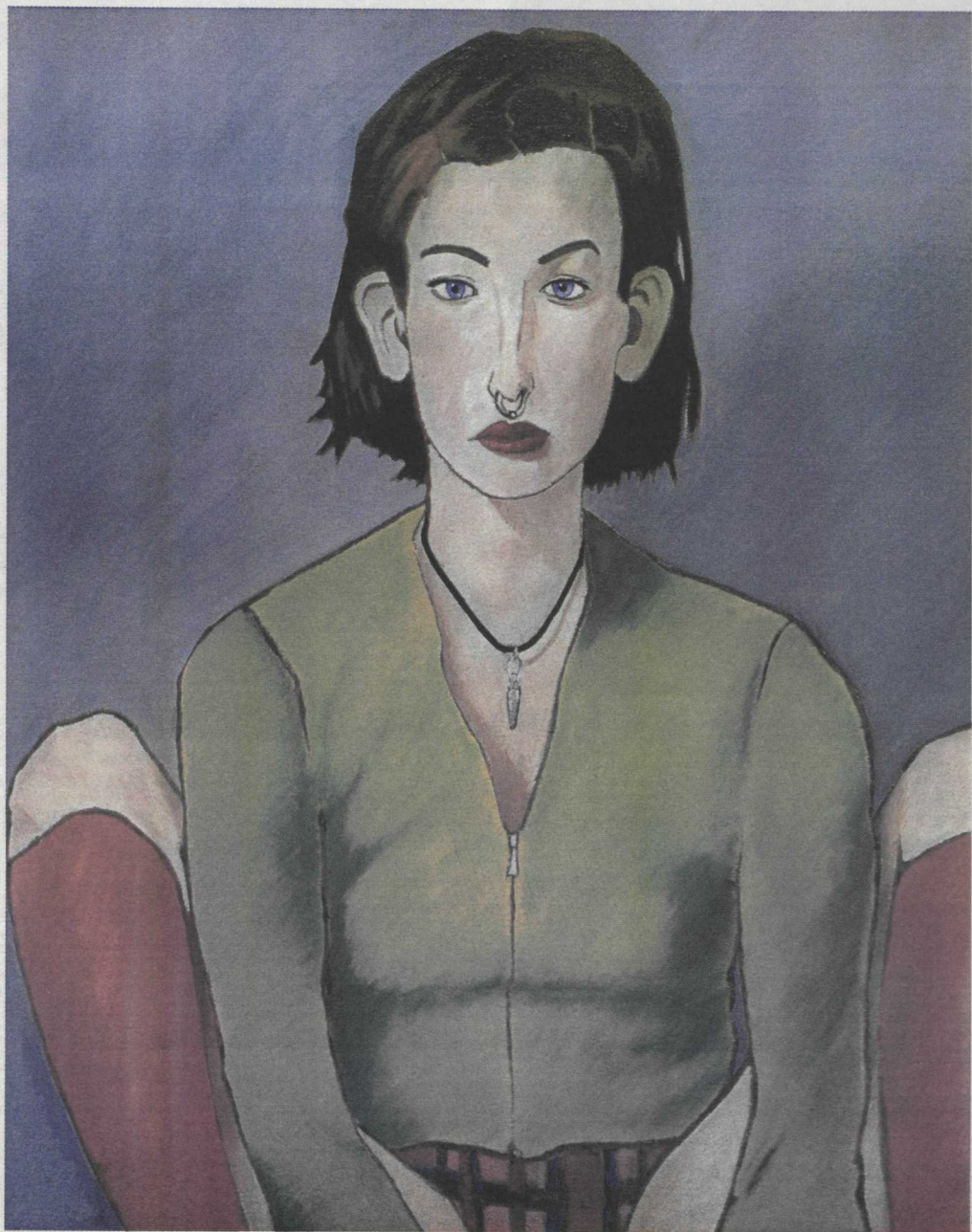
Do people tell you these things often?

Sometimes, yeah. No, I mean that makes me feel great. You know, there's definitely music that's that evocative for me, too. And that's really special.

Yeah, I mean, that's what you set out to do when you form a band. Well, hopefully anyway.

Yeah, that's totally something to aspire to, without a doubt. I'd rather do that than, you know, sell SUVs or whatever. That means infinitely more to me.





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INTIMIDATED BY POETRY

FOLK ARTIST CHRISTINE FELLOWS EXPLAINS WHY SHE'S NOT ALLOWED TO DO YOGA

Interview by Kat Siddle. Photo by Chris Boyce

Christine Fellows has been part of Winnipeg's independent music scene since 1993. In 2000, Canada was quietly graced by the release of her first solo album, the beautiful and unsettling *Two Little Birds*, which was followed by *The Last One Standing* in 2002. If you were lucky enough to find standing room at the Railway Club in May, you would have seen her sing songs about cats accompanied by Veda Hille and John K. Sampson. She likes cats. She likes birds. She hates joggers.

DISORDER: Are you working on any projects right now?

Christine Fellows: I just finished a dance score that I was recording for the last six months of my life, and now I'm going to try to write music for my own record. A pop record.

So you will release a third album sometime?

Yeah, if I don't crack up before the end of the process... sometime next year.

On your most recent song, "Face Down Feet First", you seem to be heading in a new direction, heading for a new sound.

I'm embarrassed that you heard that! But I guess I did put it up on the website... I hope it's a new sound. That recording was kind of a fluke. I'd just written this goofy little song, and then I went to Toronto, where Tim Vesely of the Rheostatics said "let's record that weird little song." So I recorded it, and then he put all the other extra stuff on it and mailed it to me. And when I got it I cried, it was so nice.

I understand that you were involved with something called "Trains of Winnipeg". What exactly was that?

It's a spoken word CD project. The poet, Clive Holden—he actually hails from Victoria—he approached myself, John Sampson, and Jason Tait—you know, from the Weakerthans—wanting us to make the music for this project. It was really fun. I didn't know what to expect. I was super-busy at the time we were making that, so I wasn't really present for a lot of it. When I heard the end result, I was pretty impressed. He's a hard-working poet, that guy. He was just in Germany at some crazy festival reading his

poetry. Who knew that poetry's so big there? The Germans love it. It's fun—I like doing stuff like that. I ended up using a lot of the musical ideas from that project in my own work.

The projects you're involved in—like spoken word or scores for dance—often use mixed media.

Poetry intimidates me. Spoken word as well, sort of. But I've experimented with it—my first record had a spoken word piece on it that I didn't write. Dance is something that I can't even understand at all. It's really interesting to go and collaborate there. It's so abstract.

I always think that dancers are just a totally different species of human beings.

They are! And they're hard-drinking, hard-living people! And they all smoke, they all chain smoke. They're worse than most musicians that I know.

That's weird, cause it's such a physical profession. It's like catching your yoga instructor smoking.

There's this yoga school in Winnipeg where they won't let you go if you're a smoker. So I can't go. I wanted to do yoga, I wanted to better myself, but alas.

Do you see yourself writing music for film anytime soon?

Well, I've been commissioned to do a film score, but they're still working on the script. I did one for television this year, for CBC—this reality series about immigration called *Landed*.

I noticed that when people review your albums, they often assume that all your songs are about lost love. Do you think people interpret your songs correctly?

I don't know. You know, the funniest, most interesting experience I had with that was in the Yukon, when I toured and played at the Frostbite Festival in February. I was touring these communities and there'd be kids there that don't get a lot of exposure to music. And the kinds of questions they would ask me—really intelligent questions about specific lyrics or song ideas. It was really surprising

to me. I guess if you're a reviewer and you do that for a living, you have kind of a recipe that you follow. It's unavoidable.

What's with all the bird imagery in your lyrics and cover art? What does the bird mean?

I don't know. I like them. There's more songs on the way that have birds in them. Maybe in my forties I'll be a bird watcher. I have bird moments. It's hard to explain. I walk the dog in the woods a lot and listen to them. Redwing blackbirds make the most beautiful song. I hear them and think, "I'm totally ripping that off!" I guess I like them 'cause they're musical animals. And they can fly! And their little, freaky eyes.

So why Winnipeg? Do you think the city's exploding the way everyone says it is?

I think people's perception of it is changing. None of the musicians I know live there anymore. It's a good place for me to be—I can just write there and not feel like I have to be performing all the time. If you're ever feeling really antisocial, that's the place to be. It's also a good, well-balanced community. Great stuff in a lot of different mediums. I love Winnipeg winters, too. I know that sounds foolish, but just grabbing a pair of skates and skating on the river... you feel really hardcore when it's -40 and you still go out. And you walk down the street and there's eight old ladies waiting for the bus. Nothing stops, no matter how cold it gets. It's a land of kooks though. But so is Vancouver. Vancouver is the land of sport. I feel guilty when I don't go to the Grouse Grind or walk the seawall. But joggers, ew! We don't have them in Winnipeg. We're not allowed. As a dog walker, I hate those scourges. I'm into the dog culture. You can go see people at the dog park and you won't know the person's name, but you'll know their dog's name. You talk about your dogs and it's so civilized. It's not even small talk. It's really deep.

Deeper than when people talk about their children?

Oh yeah.

Thanks for coming out.

Thank you. You are sweet and kind. •

“

ANTI-ELECTROCLASH HARDCORE WAVE

MOONEEN HIT THE ROAD AND PLOT THEIR DEATHS BY JELL-O

Interview and photo by Kimberley Day



”

From opening shows for Another Joe in London, Ontario to headlining a cross-Canada tour upon signing to Vagrant, Toronto's Mooneen has exploded onto the music scene, without anyone really knowing what was happening. I spent a couple of hours with an extremely chatty Kenny (guitar, vocals), later joined by Pete (drums), to discuss the band's growing popularity, rigorous touring schedule, and their latest album, *Are We Really Happy With Who We Are Right Now?* released on Smallman records in Canada and Vagrant records in the US.

DISORDER: How has your western Canadian tour been going?

Kenny: It's been very very very very very very good. We didn't know what to expect at all, we had no idea. We've always had fun touring across Canada, but we always go at different times, so, you know, you go at the end of the year when school's out, who knows how it's going to be. You go in the summer: people are usually away. You go in the winter: it's pretty safe to say that most people are going to be around. You never know, there are always factors involved so it's always a gamble. But this tour has been so consistent, every show has been awesome. It's been really fun; it's past the point now of most of the audience being a new audience. Most people now know our music pretty well, so it makes it so much more fun. People are singing along, and they know a little bit of what to expect, so if I start attacking people, people are like, "Oh, that's cool, that's cool." It's funny, because we had no idea what to expect for this tour or this album, or anything. We didn't really put much thought into it because there's been so much going on. Everything that we worked to put together for Canada—now we have to do double that for the States. Everything we do is now expanded, which is really, really cool. The shows have been crazy. Last night was really good—there were a lot of people there. I couldn't believe how many people were there. I had a lot of fun. I'm looking forward to tonight, because I was kind of broken down yesterday. We'd just done two many long drives right after each other; we had no sleep. I'm caught on the verge of sickness, which I usually always am on tour. I'm fighting it. Last night I had fun, but I felt, personally, I could have given more.

With your new album, *"Are We Really Happy With Who We Are Right Now,"* how has the fan response been? Have you felt any negative vibes or backlash from anyone now that you've signed to Vagrant?

Kenny: You know what's crazy? There hasn't been any of that yet. I know there will be.

Pete: It's probably out there right now—we just don't see it.

Kenny: I almost don't think it is. There obviously have to be some people, but for the most part I think that people are genuinely happy for us. It's not like we sold our souls to get there. We toured for a long time, and it kind of naturally just came out of nowhere. We kept it on the down low—we didn't make a big deal out of it. It was just like, "Mooneen's touring here, here, here, signed to Vagrant, touring here, here, here." People were just like, "Whoa, what was that?" We didn't shove it in anyone's face, and we didn't go around saying, "Yeah, we're on Vagrant now, man. Yeah." I'm totally surprised that there hasn't been some kind of a backlash. When I found out it had been released on the internet, I was thinking, "Okay, here it comes," but then we got all of these emails saying, "Congratulations, that's wicked." To me, it seems like people who have known us for a long time, and have been coming to shows have been thinking, "We did it! We did it!" rather than, "Oh, they're going to leave us behind now!" It's more like an accomplishment that we've all gone through from the start. We haven't really changed since the first tour. I still do the same stupid things, and make the same bad jokes. We're generally the same people. I think the thing is that we put out the right album—we didn't stray too far from what we sounded like. I've been thinking it's a good mix in between the EP and *Theory*. It's got some of the artsy, weird delay, spacey parts from *Theory*, and then it's got the more straight ahead rock from the EP. It's probably the record that people thought we were going to release right after the EP, but then we kind of threw some people through a loop with *Theory*, because some of it was different. But it's cool, because I think we stuck out from a lot of the other Canadian bands. I think now that we have this record, people don't have to change with it. It's kind of like, "All right, it's rockin'! I can groove to this. I can bob to this. It's pretty cool," which I think is good because we didn't try to change the world with this record. I think if we had tried, we would have received a backlash of people saying, "They're on Vagrant; they're totally changing; they've turned their backs on Smallman and the rest of Canada." That's the thing: we made sure to stay with Smallman. There wasn't going to be any other way: we were going to be with Smallman for this record, or we were going to kill ourselves. With a SPOON. And JELL-O.

Pete: Jell-O can be fatal.
Kenny: Get it injected into every pore, so your body just fills up with Jell-O, and your guts get pushed out your toes and things because the Jell-O is pushing it all out. Death by Jell-O! That's going to be our cover band. We do Death By Stereo songs called "Death by Jell-O" except we don't play any Death By Stereo songs.

Pete: And we sing it like Jello Biafra.

Kenny: We should get backlashed because of the bad jokes.

Did you enjoy recording the new album in LA?

Pete and Kenny: [singing] We're going to California, gonna live the life, sippin' on tequila night after night...

Kenny: California was amazing. It was the coolest thing we could have done, to go record there. We recorded in the mountains north of LA, and it was so amazing out there. Totally secluded from everything. We were able to really focus.

Pete: Serene, no crime.

No plans to run off to LA to live, though, right?

Kenny: I almost kind of want to hang there, but as long as we get to visit lots, that would be cool. But, if we don't get to visit, I may buy a box somewhere north of Santa Monica.

Pete: They don't have the health care, man!

Kenny: That's true. It's a great place to visit, but I don't want to live there. I'm happy where I am, but it was great.

Well, now that you're busy recording in remote locations, headlining shows, and being part of the Vagrant family, is there going to be an end to your Choke/Mooneen combination band, Choneen?

No, it always gets postponed though. Whenever we want to do it, there's never time. The last time we were going to get together and do some Choneen was on the Face to Face tour, but our transmission exploded and we had to leave our van and all of our gear behind. Everything was against us on that tour. We finished it, but we had to postpone Choneen again. We'll do it, but we'll have to find the right time.

I read on your website that in a quest to come up with a terrible description for Mooneen, you have decided to label yourselves as "aggressive melodic pop." I think that you can come up with something better than that.

Kenny: Okay, we'll go word for word. Happy.

Pete: Melodic.

Kenny: Angry.

Pete: Harmonic.

Kenny: Loud.

Pete: Plutonic.

Kenny: Quiet.

Pete: I ran out of "onic" words... Sonic.

Kenny: Anti-Electroclash Hardcore Wave!!! We're everything to dirt that other people are to rocks.

(the
sugar
refinery)
eleven different
granities at
JULY

1. Paralelatusdays
2. Nee Venable and
Foun Table solo (S.F.)
3. Ranch Fest w/
Coal, John Guliak, and
Rodney Decon
4. Ranch Fest w/
Buttless Clams, Chet
Jack Harlan, Ashby
Parks, Benito Brava
5. Joel cd release
6. Jellyship the
Whipbang (made up
blow from M) with
the MasWax Sisters
(rock a roll trapeze act)
7. Ashby and Sam's Dink
Slade of Sore
8. Paralelatusdays
9. In 3's w/ Super
Wes Radgen
10. The Way Out w/
Wes Radgen
11. 12 7-9 Lucky Boom Film
12. Sparrow 1 Live!
13. Art Opening by
Grechler
14. Little Wings w/
Bobby Bruchman
15. Paralelatusdays
16. Les Murres Shady
Quartet
17. Highballs
18. 7-9 Mark Bonning
19. Sparrow & Decon
cd release
20. 121 CLOSED
21. we are camping
22. Paralelatusdays
23. Mick Thomas, Lita
McKay, Mac Fontac
24. Binary Dolls (M)
w/ Kevin House
25. Assertion w/guests
26. CLOSED
27. to clean up this mess
we call a restaurant
28. The return of CUNT
29. Paralelatusdays
30. Refunia
31. Refunia

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18 July 2003

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ANBERLIN Blueprints For The Black Market (Tooth & Nail Records)

In the liner notes, Anberlin gives thanks to "Jesus Christ, for without you nothing is possible." Yes, let us praise the Lord for allowing this collection of "alternative rock" songs, which sport production slicker than a teenage-boy's forehead and hooks weaker than a Jimmy Eat World or Third Eye Blind record, to come into being. Bart Simpson is right: all the best bands are affiliated with Satan.

Neil Braun

BONOB0 Dial "M" For Monkey (Ninja Tune)

Following up on Bonob0's much-hailed debut, *Animal Magic*, Dial "M" For Monkey continues in much the same vein with its clever, sample-based grooves and textures that suggest a composer with a healthy musical appetite, a varied record collection, assorted musical instruments, and a well-used sampler. How does this stand apart from the plethora of other productions which use a similar *modus operandi*? I'm not sure, but it does—and that it deserves your listening attention. All hail the monkey.

DJ Satyricon

CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA Man With The Movie Camera (Ninja Tune)

It was inevitable. When you have a name like *Cinematic Orchestra*, it's only a matter of time before someone asks you to provide a musical soundtrack to a film. In this case, The Porto Film Festival in Portugal commissioned a musical soundtrack to *Dziga Vertov's* seminal 1929 montage silent film classic *Man With The Movie Camera*. This particular piece of cinema has been augmented with numerous musical soundtracks in the past; perhaps most memorable was the *Alloy Orchestra's* live performance a few years ago at the Vancouver International Film Festival. Even Vancouver's own *Eye of Newt Collective* was recently seen providing their semi-improvised score to the same said film at this year's Jazz Festival. The idea of providing a musical soundtrack to a classic silent film is thus nothing new, and *Man With The Movie Camera* is a common choice for such endeavors—given how much it has indirectly influenced today's music videos.

Having not yet seen the DVD of the film with CO's

soundtrack, I cannot comment on how well this particular soundtrack works in conjunction with the images. As a collection of music standing on its own, though, I can say that it will not disappoint: fans of CO's previous efforts. In fact, some of the themes will sound rather familiar: they appeared in slightly different arrangements on last year's *Everyday* album and as part of their live repertoire for some time now. However, one can hear in the new arrangements how the band has evolved from being a sampled-based studio creation into a real, flesh and blood live unit breathing renewed life and vigor into their signature sound (track). Ironically, for a soundtrack to a film that is hailed as a classic example of montage in cinema, the music heard here is CO's least sample-based to date. Having said that, though, I still find myself reaching back to their debut, *Motion*, for its haunting sense of atmosphere and drama. For example, the *Nina Simone* sample as heard on "Dorian" is now more poignant than ever, given the great artist's recent passing. I suppose time will tell how well CO's soundtrack to *Man With The Movie Camera* will stand up to all the others.

DJ Satyricon

THE GOSSIP Movement (Kill Rock Stars)

The market for bluesy garage rock is heavily saturated these days, but *The Gossip's* tried-and-true formula still stands as far above the rest on this, their third album, as it did on their debut—which, it's worth noting, dropped around the same time as *The White Stripes De Stijl*, making it one of the albums that brought punked-up garage blues back to the indie scene's attention in the first place. *Movement* finds Beth, Nathan, and Kathy's riot-grr style maturing, if not highly evolved. They're leaner, meaner, and tighter, but as the liner notes indicate (this album was ostensibly recorded on a "tape player"), they haven't lost an ounce of the rawness so essential to the genre. They've managed to maintain a gritty realism and genuine enthusiasm that's generally lacking among their contemporaries—one that derives from their firm connection and dedication to their fanbase. As a theme, taking care of your friends arises often; on "Jason's Basement," Beth moans "we get by with the people we know," and she derides a hipster girl who values her image over her

friends on "Lesson Learned." As always, Beth's trademark blues wail is the real attraction, and it's obvious from the first track, "Nite," that her control over her intensely soulful howl has only increased with time. Likewise, Nathan wrenches stack after stack of monster riffs from his guitar, exploiting the bass-less potentialities of the band's dynamic to the maximum with his masterful ear for tonality; no one else can render such simple riffs with the same awesome savagery as he can. Admittedly, *The Gossip's* sonic palette is limited, but they do plently to stretch its limits; Nathan continues the same feedback experiments he introduced on *Arkansas Heat's* closing track, "Take Back (Revolution)," a song that was unfortunately hampered by weak lyrics. On *Movement*, however, the same kind of ragged guitar noise leads into some of the album's best tracks, most notably the awe-inspiring closing, "Light Awake Sleep," which starts out with Beth moaning "I got troubles, down deep! I got troubles, losing sleep," and ends with her shouting "we don't break easy!" with enough sincerity to stiffen the hairs on your neck. Accordingly, Nathan has said that this album is intended to give all boys boners and make all girls moist in the knickers. If you're not turned-on by the breakdown on "Fire Sign" when Nathan drops his guitar an octave and churns out a blisteringly distorted *Bo Diddley* boogie, or at the end of "All My Days," when the song dissolves into a punk rock spiritual composed of just Beth's earnest croon and handclaps, then *The Gossip* probably isn't for you. If this kind of hip-shaking rock and roll is up your alley, however, you'll be pleased to know that *The Gossip* are also polite houseguests and don't overstay their welcome. At barely over half an hour, this album ends exactly when it should: before the band's limitations start to weigh them down, and just soon enough to leave you wanting more.

sean

GREAT LAKE SWIMMERS s/t (weewerk)

I grew up on a farm. Northern Alberta, surrounded by fields of grain in their own wide open spaces. The summer nights lent my soundtrack the voice of crickets. In the city, the equivalent might be the sound of traffic, though not so seasonally specific. Sounds both immediately recognizable yet

completely indistinct. If you listen carefully to *Great Lake Swimmers'* self-titled debut offering, you can make out the sound of my youth—and perhaps the sound of your own.

But this is only half of what I heard that made me feel so unusually serene when in the auditory company of this album. It was not the music in particular, but some pervasive element of the sound—not so easily pin-pointed as to be voice or instrumentation (for nature). Largely the result of one man's creativity, T. Dekker recorded this album in an abandoned grain silo. While it is not quite an echo that has been captured, there is an obvious, intangible warmth as a result. As an accident of sound (without the negative connotations), Dekker has crafted something beautiful indeed. Relatively sparse instrumentation and vocals as subtle as daydreams are layered beneath unintentional, all-permeating, almost "found" sounds. (Reminds me of a film I saw once, where a woman imagined music in the clicks and clanks of her everyday existence.)

I have this picture in my head of what the recording process of this album must have been; Dekker is seated on a chair in the center of the silo; the light that breaks in does so only onto the guitar partially hidden by his crunched-over body; or maybe, when you look up to the roof, all you can see is stars through holes worn of age; and all of this takes place in a field of ripe canola blossoms. My point being that I cannot describe this sound—this effect created as a result of the recording process. Sometimes words are weak. Sometimes writers are.

Listening again in retrospect—and I do not deny my romanticism here—it is for these reasons that *Great Lake Swimmers* has such personal familiarity reflecting from it. It feels like the earliest memories of my youth; like the first time I thought I fell in love; feels like the space between an utter adoration of one's parents and the desire to flee them. This is music to be consumed by candlelight, with nostalgia as your only friend.

sweetchyanne

HUMAN AFTERTASTE s/t (Independent)

Previously, it was only in the fevered recesses of my brain that *Rob Zombie* had any dealings at all with *Adam Ant*. And certainly, even in those shadowy corners of my mind, they didn't collaborate on music. It was just *Rob Zombie* pointing at the sky, saying, "Hey Adam, look! A dead bird!" and punching him in the stomach when he deigned to look.

This is the musical collaboration I never envisioned. Adam Ant, scarred by hor-

rific trauma—both mental and physical—scurries through a blasted industrial landscape, providing an exceptionally surrealistic retro experience. And that's all good.

Because sometimes you want to dance and get scared at the same time—which is, apparently, what happens at their live shows, where men in dresses spray the crowd with large, penis-shaped water-guns. This CD, by the way, includes a video where a gore-covered naked girl shambles through empty corridors while the band lurks around the next corner, and, really, that's the next best thing.

Dance. Be scared. It's good for you.

Chris Eng

METALLICA St. Anger (Elektra) Shit sandwich. Chris Eng

SIMIAN We Are Your Friends (Source Records UK)

You know things are going your way when you're not only a new band starting up in a new market with a better-known, name-printed-in-bigger-font-on-tickets act, but you also turn out to be the better band of the night. When *Ladytron* put out a dismal performance at the Commodore back in March, their openers, *Simian*, knew that the attention will probably soon be on them.

In their sophomore album, *We Are Your Friends*, the London/Manchester quartet plays catchy, electronic-infused pop-rock. The opening track, "La Breeze," has the Oriental-style psychedelic flavor that permeated Simian's 2001 debut, *Chemistry Is What We Are*, while the rest of the album is a collage of cute, helpful computer rhythms ("Helpless," "The Way I Live"), thumping, guitar-oriented choruses (as on the single, "Never Be Alone"), and hybrids of keyboard programming and Brit-pop-esque melodies ("The Swarm"). They may not have perfected the mastery of producing a technically mature concept album like *OK Computer* yet, but Simian's willingness to explore musical possibilities and be original is infinitely encouraging. The result sounds like a big music party with four friends (no pun intended) playing around with their keyboards and guitars, being reasonably good at them, and enjoying themselves tremendously.

"We Are Your Friends! You'll never be alone again!" barks singer Simon Ford on the single, "Never Be Alone." Enthusiastic, fun, and talented; who doesn't want friends like that?

Priscilla Chen

SUPER FURRY ANIMALS

Phantom Power
(XL/Beggars)

The Super Furry Animals weren't born; they simply descended from the Welsh mountains, clutching handfuls of psychedelic fungi, sporting huge grins. They then proceeded to show us mere mortals how trailblazing pop music should be made. Accordingly, listening to the new album, *Phantom Power*, is like a million suns exploding in your face. But don't worry—it comes dripping with gallons of saccharine harmonies that cool and soothe before the glare of their white-hot brilliance.

During my time in Canada, I have noticed that the Super Furies are not really very well known here. Honestly, people: this has to change. Hopefully, this review will get you started.

Firstly, The Super Furies are not Brit-pop; they're Welsh, and while they have, over the course of their career, consistently made some of the best music ever to come from the British Isles, they're a completely different beast altogether. The sort of music the Super Furry Animals play is as pop as a fuzzy broadcast transmission from deep space.

The lead off single, "Golden Retriever," is a glam rock bullet that heads straight for the target with ruthless efficiency. It's a buzzing king snake of a song, it charms with lines about devils, roundabouts, puppies, and zebra crossings. On "Vale Parking," we head off with lead singer Gruff for an automobile adventure in the "Euro Zone"; he's eager to show off the fact that he's just passed his driving test, apparently. And "Venus and Serena" must surely be the best song ever to be written about a small girl and her two pet turtles.

Despite the digital experimentation, their stuff is so catchy and downright friendly that they make Vancouver's own *New Pornographers* sound like *Einstürzende Neubauten*. And though they have fun with the pop music medium—making it more interesting than your little brain can handle—there are darker forces at work on this album—"phantom power," if you will. The Super Furies preach non-violent protest action and passive cherry resistance—the mind state of the placid casual (the name of their label), because, as a previous song suggests, it's all "no problem, if you play it cool."

The album reflects the contemporary resistance against the tremendous, uncontrollable forces at work in the zeitgeist. A vicious, anti-American sentiment seethes through "Liberty Belle," with Gruff telling of a liberty bell ringing out across the sea, and that "everyone sings along, though she's singing way out of key." He doesn't pull his punches on Americanization, telling us that we're all "digging straight to hell" and "drowning in our own well," but it's his sunny disposition that wins

over. Nobody likes a moaner and the Super Furry Animals are certainly no moaners—they're the Gandhi of pop.

When they steal *Deep Purple's* drag racer on "Out of Control" and head off to the night in a hail of screaming vocals, it's CNN and the media of doom that gets it. Impossibly ludicrous buzzwords are thrown out with shocking verisimilitude: "Fast and cheap Ninja jhadi Suck my oil out of control!" It's all too frighteningly familiar for anyone not living in a cave these past couple of months (isn't that right, Osama? You cheekey little scallywag...).

But, never fear, times can improve and underdogs can triumph, a lesson we learn in "The Undeclared"—a calypso swinger inspired by the ability of the Welsh soccer team to always find glory in defeat. As Gruff quite rightly points out, who wants to never know what it's like to lose?—"I'm so shallow, the undefeated."

In all honesty, he needn't worry: after six albums proper, the Super Furies have gone six and 0, and remain, quite literally, the undefeated, the undisputed.

Merik Cooper

TURBONEGRO

Scandinavian Leather
(Burning Heart/Epitaph)

This album makes me wish I were way more pervy than I am. Hopefully the *Turbojugend* St. Pauli is accepting new recruits in the fall!

Julie C.

M. WARD

The Transfiguration of Vincent
(Merge)

From the most innocuous of starts, *The Transfiguration of Vincent* gracefully and gradually builds into what I can safely say is one of the best albums of the year. You press play and you are greeted by crickets chirping happily just as a ragtime country instrumental begins to play—and straightaway, you're there—sitting on the porch in the warm darkness of 3 AM. After his two previous attempts, *Duet for Guitars 2* and *End of Amnesia*, M. Ward has finally distilled the formula, and it's a subtly heady brew.

Appalachian bluegrass brushes shoulders with Midwestern blues as they weave together with an almost accidental ease. It's as if M. Ward has taken the great American song book, turned it into *papier mâché*, thrown it against the wall, and somehow come up with the most beautiful collage, right there, already hung. He's an obsessive four-tracker, apparently, and yet somehow, the bedroom recording has never sounded so genuine before—so good, and it's a subtly heady brew.

At this point, I'm just gonna have to throw out a list of names: this album sounds like both all and none of them: **Woody Guthrie**, **Bob Dylan**, **The Band**, **Neil Young**, **Nick Dray**, **Willie Nelson**, **Will Oldham** and **every one of those dead Delta blues** men you read about in books. Yes, it's that good.

Merik Cooper

into a ghost radio station, broadcast on a spectral wavelength from some mythical version of swampy geographical middle America. It reminds me of the film *Poetic Texas*; it, too, is a paean to the mythic America in all its forms—but at the same time, it's far more inclusive and wide-ranging. M. Ward is obviously in love with the dry desert highway of the American Southwest—the heat and the obliteration—but he is equally at home on the temporal rainforest coast of the Pacific Northwest, where we find him conversing with the far older Native American myths and spirits. On the ghostly rumble of "Sad, Sad Song," he goes to the Killer Whale for advice on how to win back a long lost love. "Sing a song/sing a sad sad song/sing it over and over again/till she come backs to you" is the time-worn response.

"A sad sad song" would be an all-too-simple description of everything available here. But it's a good sad—you know what I mean—you'll want to kiss someone rather than kill yourself. You will be given a newfound appreciation of the proximity of your loved ones. For example, "Dead Man" speaks of the hope of freedom in the final rest; the effect is uplifting. Meanwhile, "Get To The Table on Time" heads across the continent to the Appalachians for an acoustic country sound that calls to mind the *Dylan*-fronted *Band* in its best moments. We find "Poor Boy, Minor Key" hanging out in a bar in New Orleans trading jazz licks with all the old cats in the suits and hats.

"Out of My Head" perhaps deserves special mention: it's the most immediate track here. M. Ward coaxes a pleasing, distorted guitar over an out-of-time organ, all the while singing blissfully catchy lyrics that seem cold-plucked from a twisted fairy tale of old. It'll be the one that will hook you in, but after that you'll find yourself falling through the whole album with ease. And then you'll swear that it's a classic, too, just like me. Throughout its entire running time—though it makes many attempts to emulate historical styles—it never sounds anything less than sincere. He even makes crap songs sound amazing. Just listen to his version of **David Bowie's** eighties white funk bloodsucker, "Let's Dance," and tell me I'm wrong. He unearths the quality of the original lyrics and retools the song as if recorded in the thirties, leaving you convinced Bowie's version was the cover and not vice versa.

At this point, I'm just gonna have to throw out a list of names: this album sounds like both all and none of them: **Woody Guthrie**, **Bob Dylan**, **The Band**, **Neil Young**, **Nick Dray**, **Willie Nelson**, **Will Oldham** and **every one of those dead Delta blues** men you read about in books. Yes, it's that good.

Merik Cooper

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JULY

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Dick Tracy, Jungle Girl, and Batman voice-dubbed live!

TONG TANA: THE LOST PARADISE

The struggle of the Peran people against destructive logging practices on their territories

LILITH ON TOP

Director Lynne Stopkewich in person, presented by DUC IN THE HOUSE

EYE OF NEWT PLAY LIVE TO TRON

The classic 3-D computer graphic feature with a live soundtrack!

ARTHUR BRADFORD'S HOW'S YOUR NEWS

The disabled roadshow of VICE MAGAZINE fame - West Coast Premier!

CAN DIALECTICS BREAK BRICKS?

Rene Vincent's outrageous relationship of 4 Chinese feminist film. Situationist-style

GUY DEBORD'S SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE

An intense and densely packed montage of deconstructed images

VISION MACHINE: ANDREA ZIMMERMAN

London-based filmmaker in person with her found footage and multiple-format media works

ALAN ZWIG'S VINYL

Penetrating the compulsions of an anti-social cadre of obsessive record collectors. A BL classic!

SPATIAL POETICS II

Powell Street Festival Society presents experiments and innovations with text, visuals, music, and performance

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Your last chance to pick a film you would like to see here before we turn the lights off... forever!
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SEAN PENN, CRISPIN GLOVER and the original documentary which inspired this strange group of films by RUBIN & ED director Trent Harris

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live music reviews

THE POLYPHONIC SPREE

FROG EYES

PATRICK PARK

Thursday, April 17

Richard's on Richards

My review of *The Polyphonic Spree's* April show appears here rather than in *DISORDER'S* May issue because of contribution deadlines, final exams, and a good deal of lethargy from, ahem, yours truly. For these reasons (I'll let you guess which contributed most to the delinquency of this review), anything I say about this show likely won't affect the "legendary" and "concert of the year" status that Vancouver's music intelligentsia has already conferred upon it. That being the case, rather than spend 300 words describing the band and details from the show you've probably heard or read elsewhere, I'll instead list reasons why this show deserves such reverential worship:

Having 22 robbed people file onstage one-by-one creates anticipation few bands can match. The band members looked like they were having the time of their lives (especially the bearded member of the choir who looked wacked out on some hallucinogens), they beamed, bounced around, and pumped their fists almost continuously during the show. Such jubilation (containing not one shred of irony) is

not only unheard of nowadays, it's also utterly contagious: the entire crowd was won over by the end of the first song, "It's the Sun".

The band's enthusiasm and energy never wavered over the two-hour set; the audience was never given the chance to become uninterested.

After bandleader Tim DeLaughter told the crowd he loved Jagermeister, at least two audience members bought shots for him. With the price of alcohol being what it is at Richard's, only true adoration could inspire that kind of behavior.

When someone decided to shout out to DeLaughter, he said, "Thank you so much!" and not "Play 'I Got A Girl!'!"

I saw no one refusing to join the tremendous ovation: in a crowd gave the band at the end of their set. It's as if all the jaded hipsters Vancouver is known for departed early, leaving only a group of people who felt truly blessed to have seen such a great show.

These reasons and more explain why this concert will go down as one for the ages in Vancouver's live music scene. The only downside is that the band's album now sounds stilted and lifeless, as it doesn't capture the celebratory nature of the live performance. However, DeLaughter told the audience

we should feel special because we saw *The Polyphonic Spree* and everyone else in town didn't. For me, that experience was worth it.

Neil Braun

THE FLAMING LIPS

MODEST MOUSE

LIZ PHAIR

DESTROYER

STARLIGHT MINTS

Sunday, May 25

Plaza of Nations

Was the gig a monumental event that should not have been missed? An experience that people will talk about for years to come? No. However, for brief moments, the spectacle of bouncing balloons mixed with fuzzy stuffed dancing animals in a haze of confetti with dizzy video clips and loud music in a crowd of thousands, caused me to drift out of my body and splat across the atmosphere in the form of misty water drops inside a puffy cumulus cloud on a sunny afternoon; this brought much joy to my morose demeanor.

The crowd seemed stoned and well behaved; they cheered and clapped when we were supposed to, we sang when prompted, and we left when the curfew hit.

Olahomans the *Starlight Mints* gave the opening act and got rave reviews from the crowd outside catching the

sounds for free on a walkway near the dome. Once ex-New Pornographer Dan Bejar's ensemble *Destroyer* warmed up and became comfortable with the space, they rocked, too. His poetic lyrics came through and evoked mystery and confusion for the masses.

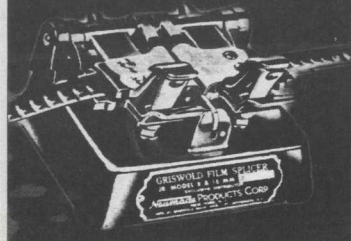
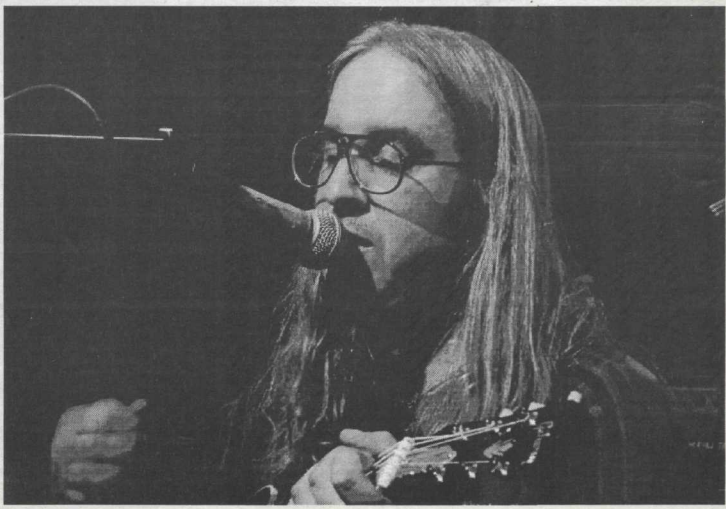
Too many sausages among too few veggie dogs, *Liz Phair* was one of only two females to perform in the male-dominated line up. Her quiet and seemingly uninspired cougar anthems might have rung true in the '90s, but they seem to run thin in the double naughts. I was hoping that she would blow the crowd away, but in the end debate rages on only as to whether or not she was wearing any underwear beneath her jean mini-skirt.

What can I say about *Modest Mouse*? When they're on, they're on; and when they're not, they're not. The potential to triumph was there—they have the raw fuel on stage to explode—but they chose to fade away instead of ending in a crescendo.

Since the concert, CBC Radio 3 and *The Flaming Lips* have both won Webby Awards for their interactive websites, www.cbcradio3.com and www.flaminglips.com. If you missed the show or are desperate to relive the magic, most of the gig will be available at www.justconcerts.com.

The *Flaming Lips* were definitely in the highlight of the evening—playing in front of a psychedelic video montage feedback that swallowed a blue screen of shadow puppets and prominently placed Wayne Coyne's head stretching off into the rainbow distance of perspective. The absurdity of rock shows... Fake blood, Calvin Klein suits, the Peach Pit, and a bombardment of the senses during "Lightning

J. Mascis of Mascis, Stills, Nash and Young in a rare, only semi-inebriated performance at Richard's. Photo by Kimberley Day



Strikes The Post Man"; what does it add up to? Ambivalence? Regardless, I enjoyed the trip.

ARC

DO MAKE SAY THINK
SINOIA CAVES
Saturday, June 14
Sonar

I cannot begin this without a disclaimer—I was late for this show.

Excuses: It was an early show. Apparently, this information was on the ticket. Only I didn't have a ticket. I was supposed to be on the "list." Only I wasn't on the list (but that is a departure from the task at hand). I cannot claim total ignorance, however: I had an idea that I should be arriving early. Maybe the ticket had a start time stamped on it, but early

show—to my mind—means something like 21:00 hours. Not 18:00. I think my jaw literally fell open, my eyes opening wide with amazed horror as I walked into Sonar to the soundtrack of the band I had come there to see. Those were sad moments for me. **Do Make Say Think** is part of a collection of bands that very accurately characterized my musical tastes as of a year or two ago. To them I profess sentimental attachment. Which brings me to my second disclaimer—I am biased.

I have seen DMST once before. Seeing them again, familiar faces on the stage as I finally walked in, was the catalyst to a very emotional reaction in response to the entirety of what was happening. I thought that the atmosphere (for lack

of a better word) might have already been created—might be impenetrable for someone entering in without context. But I was, blissfully, dead wrong. It took about 30 seconds before I was in it completely: swaying hips, clutching fingers, unabating, clandestine grin upon my face—thinking to myself that this type of music—melodic—is so often without concrete images. At the most basic level, this music tends to deny the popular exaltation of appearance for the people who present it. There are no linear narratives in the vein of textbook music videos, so much of what this music is, is what you bring to it. Anyway, there is a dichotomous notion of strangeness when the faceless have faces.

There was, however, one face that I did not recognize. He was playing horns—more jazzy than a DMST album ever sounded. He was later revealed to me, by a friend, to be the father of one of the other band members onstage. DMST had become a jazz band gone berserk. They brought the music out into the audience, stopped halfway through for the calling of the loons, and I never once wanted to close my eyes (as sometimes happens) to block out the world and exist only with the music. This time I wanted every detail. A beckon to raise a fist in glory seems oddly appropriate when you cannot tear your eyes away. Speak of charismatic leaders and a horn section with the same breath.

And when it was all over, the audience did not simply clap

with approval. Instead we used our hands to issue a primal call of return. Nothing was random in the end; every beat was with purpose. This did not go unanswered in the end, despite the fact that no encore was played. Instead, DMST filtered out of their confined space onstage, down hallways, behind tables, on top of chairs. Taken aback was I, but not without wonderful surprise.

As for **Sinoia Caves**, I missed them completely. But for what it's worth I hear very good things about those kids—have not heard a bad word connected with their name. And I am not just saying these things. *sweetcheyanne*

BJORK
PEACHES
June 16 & 17
Palais Omnisports de Bercy
(Paris)

Our intercontinental journey to witness what has been hyped as **BJORK's** "return to electronic-based performance" climaxed in an arduous lineup outside the stadium. Her signature fusion of modern technology with live instrumentation, incredible vocals, and stylistic tendencies that range from pop to classical, had drawn many to the post-modern (think Expo 86) environs of Paris' Bercy Village. Despite the discomfort, we felt a sense of inner peace, knowing that our lives post-BJORK (PB) would transcend such trivialities.

Peaches had been invited to open. Her overtly sexual stage show has delighted Vancouver audiences over the past two

years. However, her intimate and confrontational performance style did not translate well to the stadium setting, with the language barrier proving difficult to bridge. English-language phrases that stirred us deeply ("Only double A/Thinking triple X," etc.) were lost on the crowd.

However, the *raison d'être* of the night was BJORK, who most definitely "delivered the goods," as she sang in the first night's opening song, "Hunter." Barefoot, wearing a crown of turquoise feathers and a glimmering black tutu, the Icelandic diva performed with characteristic vigor and passion. Her history of well-chosen collaborators (**Graham Massey**, **Nelle Hooper**, **Guy Sigsworth**, etc.) was well in evidence this evening. For tonight's concert, she was joined by harpist **Zeena Parkins** and **Matmos**. A seven-piece string ensemble rounded out the assembled talent.

A precise and moving stage show illustrated BJORK's commitment to fully-realized performance art. As-yet unseen videos accompanied several songs. Most notable was the film for the **Soft Pink Truth** remix of "In Our Hands." Line drawings reminiscent of Keith Haring overlay still photos of Inuit life, accentuating themes of violence and sexuality.

The sound produced by the assembled players was alternately lush and spare. Parkins moved from harp to clavi-chord to accordion, playing both the accordion and harp during "Joga." **Matmos'** accompaniment fused the warmth of ana-

log sound with the precision of digital technology, giving a fresh feel to many familiar songs.

The experience of both nights left the impression of an artist at the peak of formidable creative powers, and three new songs gave a tantalizing glimpse of her forthcoming album. Life PB truly is good.

Susy and Sasha Webb

BUILT TO SPILL
J.MASCIS
Wednesday, June 4

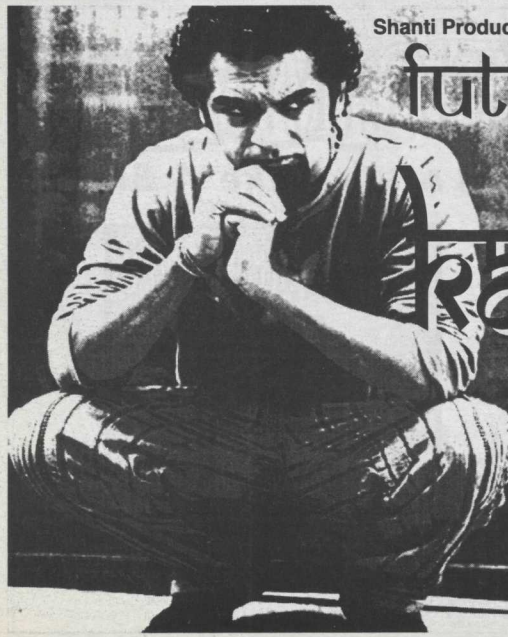
Richard's on Richards
I entered Richard's on Richards with giddy excitement—I have loved **Built to Spill** for two years and have never seen them play. The other reason for my enthusiasm was that **J Mascis**:

Guitar God, was the opening act. Although I had never heard him before, I had been told that he was "amazing." Needless to say, I expected a lot from this show. We got in about 15 minutes into Mascis' set; the former frontman for **Dinosaur Jr.** was seated, strumming an acoustic guitar. The club was already quite full—another positive reinforcement that this would be a great night. After the first song, I was pleasantly surprised. His gentle way with the guitar and his soft, somewhat nasal voice were a sweet combination. I was told about his penchant for guitar solos and did enjoy the first few; however, they seemed repetitive, and by the end of his set I was asking myself: how many is too many guitar solos? His voice that at first sounded sweet and melodic seemed to crack a little too much—but, on

looking around, I seemed to be the only one that noticed these things. Everyone else continued on with the telltale indie rock sway and applauded and whistled after every solo. I've come to the conclusion that if one is to enjoy **J Mascis**, one must listen to his music over and over again until the genius of it is exposed. Unfortunately, I don't think I will be giving him a second chance. Nevertheless, nothing could keep me unhappy for long: this was **Built to Spill** night! When the trio from Boise, Idaho took the stage and began to play, any doubts that had been created by **J Mascis** were swept away.

Comparable to **Modest Mouse**, **Death Cab for Cutie**, or the **Shins**, **Built to Spill's** sound—a mix of rock, punk and grunge—has amassed a loyal following—which was clearly visible in the nearly sold out venue. They jumped right into the music, with very little chatting throughout the show except a "thank you," here and there. The band played music from both **Keep It Like a Secret** and **Perfect from Now On**, but most of the songs were from their newest album, the 2001 release **Ancient Melodies of the Future**. The crowd seemed hypnotized by Doug Martisch's lyrics and guitar mastery. And yes, they did end with the much talked about super-long song (I clocked it at about 30 minutes), which caused the kids to awaken from their daze, whoop and holler, and then fall back into the trance that **Built to Spill** causes every avid listener to fall into.

Gobby De Lucca



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Richard's on Richards

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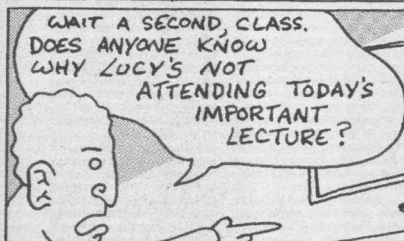
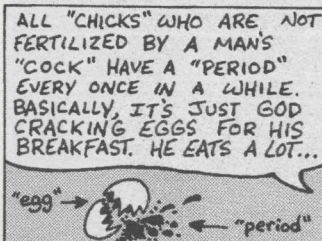
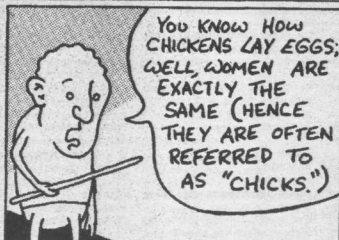
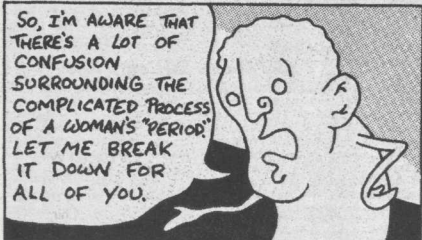
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@ Richard's on Richards

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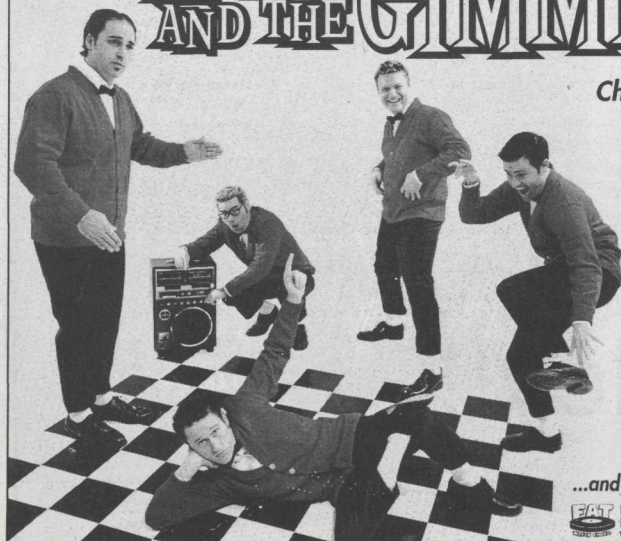
by gareth gaudin



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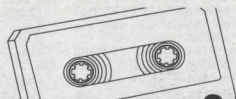
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charts



what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm

July Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|------------------|
| 1 The Gossip | Movement | Kill Rock Stars |
| 2 Simply Saucer | Cyborgs Revisited | Sonic Unyon |
| 3 Yeah Yeah Yeahs | Fever to Tell | Interscope |
| 4 McEnroe | Disenfranchised | Peanuts and Corn |
| 5 S.T.R.E.E.T.S | Bo Bo Gnar Gnar | Global Sym. |
| 6 Kinzie Starr | Sun Again | Violet Inch |
| 7 New Pornies | Electric Version | Mint |
| 8 Kellerman Port. | s/t | Independent |
| 9 v/a | Legends of Surf Guitar | Sundazed |
| 10 v/a | Merzbow: Remixed | Important |
| 11 Nina Nastasia | Run to Ruin | Touch and Go |
| 12 Granddaddy | Sunday | V2 |
| 13 v/a | Label Compilation | Ghostly Int. |
| 14 Martin Gore | Counterfeit2 | Reprise |
| 15 14-Year-Old Girls | Zombies In | Retard Disco |
| 16 Los Furios | s/t | Surrender |
| 17 Buttless Chaps | Experiments | Lonesome Cowboy |
| 18 v/a | Autechre A.T.P. Comp. | ATP |
| 19 v/a | A Mighty Wind | Columbia |
| 20 Prince Paul | Politics of Business | Razor and Tie |
| 21 Tim Hecker | Radio Amor | Mille Plateaux |
| 22 Cuts | 2 Over Ten | Birdman |
| 23 RJD2 | The Horror | Def Jux |
| 24 Turbonegro | Scandinavian Leather | Burning Heart |
| 25 10 Days Late | Go with the Flow | Klark |
| 26 Enon | In this City | Touch and Go |
| 27 White Stripes | Elephant | V2 |
| 28 Real McKenzies | Oot and About | Honest Don's |
| 29 Coin Gutter | All Dreams... | No Type |
| 30 Mocky | In Mesopotamia | Gomma |
| 31 Wire | Send | Revolver |
| 32 Snitches | Star Witness | Write Off |
| 33 Prefuse 73 | 1 Word Extinguisher | Warp |
| 34 Evolution Ctrl. | Plagiarhythm | Seeland |
| 35 Mono | One More Step... | ARRCO |

July Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Me | But Only if You Listen |
| 2 The Department | Propane |
| 3 Snow Goats | The Dressmakers |
| 4 Butterflies Attack | One at a Time |
| 5 My Project: Blue | Haunting Me |
| 6 St. Tibs Day | Lariat |
| 7 Emerald City | Beyond the Pale |
| 8 The Basement Sweets | For Rent |
| 9 Zero Return | Curiosity |
| 10 The Sore Throats | Need it, Got it... |
| 11 Channels 2 and 3 | Shot in the Kneecap... |
| 12 The Basement Sweets | In Tomato Town |
| 13 Ty-C | Tyrannosaurus Rex |
| 14 Skeleton | Like You |
| 15 George Case Exp. | Yellow, Yellow |
| 16 The Blacklist | Untitled |
| 17 Magical Glass Tears | Autumn Leaves Fall |
| 18 Shinen | Excess |
| 19 The Feminists | Sad Echo Waived |
| 20 Shiftfaced | Live |

July Charts 20 Years Ago

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 New Order | Power, Corruption and Lies |
| 2 Violent Femmes | s/t |
| 3 Spear of Destiny | Grapes of Wrath |
| 4 Heaven 17 | The Luxury Gap |
| 5 Yello | You Gotta Say Yes... |
| 6 Bill Nelson | Chimera |
| 7 Pylon | Chomp |
| 8 Gun Club | Death Party EP |
| 9 Clint Eastwood | Stop that Train |
| 10 Shriekback | Care |
| 11 Talking Heads | Speaking in Tongues |
| 12 The Creatures | Feast |
| 13 The Blasters | Non-Fiction |
| 14 REM | Murmur |
| 15 Danielle Dax | Pop-Eyes |
| 16 Rip, Rig and Panic | Attitude |
| 17 Hunters and Collectors | s/t |
| 18 Malcolm McLaren | Duck Rock |
| 19 Herald Nix | One Night Only |
| 20 Clock DVA | Advantage |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "July" charts reflect airplay over June). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

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our guide to CiTR 101.9fm

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

THE ROCKERS SHOW

QUEER FM 6:00PM-8:00PM

THE SHOW 12:00AM

ANTELOPE FREEWAY 2:00AM-

TANZEN IM 4-ECK alt.

FILL-IN 6:00AM- 8:00AM

TANZEN IM 4-ECK alt.
11:00AM-1:00PM Hopefully

Hopefully

cation.

ing trio. One of JJ.'s own favourites of his work.

1:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30AM-

criticism.

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Ex= experimental • Fr= french language • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop

Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki= Kids • Iz= jazz • Im= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk

Ba= reggae • Br= rock • Bts= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

BEATUP RONIN 1:00PM-2:00PM Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCULIT TRACING 2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE alt. 3:30PM-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 4:30PM-5:00PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30PM-5:00PM

10,000 VOICES 5:00PM-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00PM-8:00PM Up the puns, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-11:00PM

ESCAPISM alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

es*cap*ism n. escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy. Host: DJ Satyricon.

July 8: Pounding System - Dubwise and otherwise featuring a mix by DJ Satyricon.

July 22: Church of Hell - LIVE! Our one year anniversary show. Still bringing the noise and givin' the peeps what they need.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN 6:00AM-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00AM-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americano, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00AM-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

EXQUISITE CORPSE 10:00AM-11:30AM

ANOEZE 11:30AM-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE alt. 1:00PM-2:00PM

FOR THE RECORD alt. 1:00PM-2:00PM

THE DIM SUM SHOW alt. 2:00PM-3:00PM The theme is: there is no theme! Kat and Claire push around trays of alt, ethno, alcountry, Canadian indie, electroclash and other delicious morsels.

MOTORDADDY alt. 3:00PM-5:00PM Cyclicrific rowk and roll

RUNTING RADIADRO 3:00PM-5:00PM Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00PM-6:00PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.

NECESSARY VOICES alt. 6:00PM-8:00PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 8:00PM-10:00PM

6:30PM-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY alt. 6:30PM-8:00PM Vancouver's only industrial electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to by Coreen.

JUCEBOX 8:00PM-9:00PM Your ears have never felt so naughty!

FOLK OASIS 9:00PM-11:00PM Rocks music for folks and non-folks... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Not a mirage!

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 11:00PM-12:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN 6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00AM-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00AM-11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot draws electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanip.

FILL-IN 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00PM-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00PM-3:00PM Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00PM-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM Viva la Violation! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00PM-7:30PM No Bikenet, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30PM-9:00PM The best in rock rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your sappy-vibrated host Gary Olsen.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00PM-11:00PM Local muzak from 9 til 10. Live bands from 10 til 11.

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Dorylan, seeks reassurance via

WIRELESS CRUELTY 1:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAYS

FILL-IN 6:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00AM-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKATE SCENE-1K DRIVE 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to: cjska_1k@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00PM-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shock and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00PM-3:30PM The best mix

of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

HARDWIJAR THE HUMAN SERVITUDE PRESENTS... 3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00PM-6:00PM A volunteer produced, student and community news/feature program. Music and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00PM-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS 6:00PM-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, re-specs, giveaways, and more.

LIKE THE SCRIBES alt. 12:00AM-2:00AM

THE ANTIDOTE alt. 12:00AM-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 2:00AM-6:00AM Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

FILL-IN 6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM. African/World roots. 9AM-12PM. Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION 12:00PM-1:00PM A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers and social commentary.

POWERCHORD 1:00PM-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerold Rattlehead, Dvain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00PM-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban hard honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00PM-6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00PM-9:00PM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 11:00PM-1:00AM Cutting edge, progressive organ music with resident Halcith and various guest performers/DJs.

BYE-BYE CIVILIZATION, keep smiling blue, where's my bloody anesthetic then?

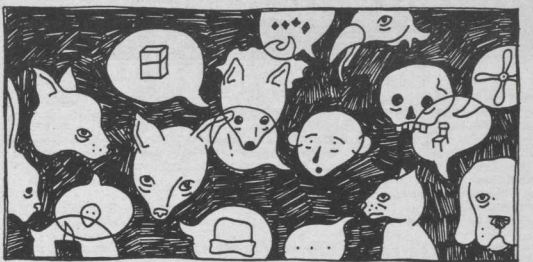
plutonia.org

http://plutonia.org

EARWAX 1:00AM-4:30AM "nois terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort do source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free do jazz." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30AM-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around July 2003
scott malin.



to be continued...

datebook

what's happening in july

TUESDAY, JULY 1

Xavier Rudd@The Royal; Amandasonic@Pic; Sculpting in Time: The Films of Andrei Tarkovsky@Pacific Cinematheque; Dickin Around@Blinding Light!!

WED 2

DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@Pic; Raking Bombs@Unit 20 Legion; In Medias Res, Hinterland@Railway; The Smears, Chinatown, The Argument@Brickyard; Sculpting in Time: The Films of Andrei Tarkovsky@Pacific Cinematheque; Tong Tana: The Lost Paradise@Blinding Light!!

THUR 3

The Yardsbirds, Nasty On, Dynamo Productions@Sonar; Son De Mader@WISE Hall; Rumours, Bamboo Kids@Brickyard; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; Doc In the House Presents Lith On Top@Blinding Light!!

FRI 4

Vans Warped Tour@Thunderbird Stadium; Canned Hamm, Ivan Hrvatska, Coke Snake@Brickyard; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; Eye of Newt Play Live To Tron@Blinding Light!!

SAT 5

Prids, the accident, Shotgun 3@Brickyard; Swollen Members@Vogue; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; How's Your News?@Blinding Light!!

SUN 6

Fruit@WISE Hall; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; How's Your News?@Blinding Light!!

MON 7

Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque

TUE 8

Amandasonic@Pic; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; René Viénet's Can Dialectics Break Bricks?@Blinding Light!!

WED 9

Michale Buble@Commodore; Fairweather, No Motive, Northstar, RX Bandits@Richard's; Pernice Brothers, Warren Zanes@Royal; DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@Pic; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; Guy Debord's Society Of The Spectacle@Blinding Light!!

THUR 10

Smog, Pacific Ocean, Kaito@Royal; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; Andrea Zimmerman In Person@Blinding Light!!

FRI 11

Cradle Of Filth, Shadows Fall, Killswitch Engage, Sworn Enemy@Commodore; Marilyn Manson@Orpheum; Spoon@Richard's; Valle Song@WISE Hall; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; Alan Zweig's Vinyl@Blinding Light!!

SAT 12

Brokeback, Califone, The Eternals@Pic; Cinemuerte International Fantastic Film Festival@Pacific Cinematheque; Spatial Poetics II@Blinding Light!!

SUN 13

Eels@Richard's; Cherrybom@Vancouver Rowing Club; Kurosawa Returns@Pacific Cinematheque; U-Pick-The-Movie@Blinding Light!!

TUE 15

Longwave, Stellastarr@Royal; Amandasonic@Pic; Beaver Trilogy@Blinding Light!!

WED 16

Foo Fighters, Pete Yorn, The Special Goodness@Plaza of Nations; boy@Railway Club; Afrocelts@Commodore; DJ Epine, Sarah

Vain@Pic; Kurosawa Returns@Pacific Cinematheque; Beaver Trilogy@Blinding Light!!

THUR 17

Forty Foot Echo, Theory Of A Deadman, Three Days Grace@Commodore; Frames of Mind@Pacific Cinematheque; BYOB: Bring Your Own Film + Requests@Blinding Light!!

FRI 18

The Kingpins, The Slackers, hoodwinks, J-Roys @WISE Hall; Abbas Kiarostami@Pacific Cinematheque; Closing Night Party!!@Blinding Light!!

SAT 19

A.R.E. Weapons, Radio Berlin@Sonar; Abbas Kiarostami@Pacific Cinematheque

SUN 20

Abbas Kiarostami@Pacific Cinematheque; The Blinding Light Garage Sale@Blinding Light!!

MON 21

Chimaira, In Flames, Soilwork, Uneath@Commodore; Elvis Costello@Orpheum; Kurosawa Returns@Pacific Cinematheque

WED 23

Dean Del Ray, The Wallflowers@Commodore; La Volee Dcastors@WISE Hall; DJ Epine, Sarah Vain@Pic; Abbas Kiarostami@Pacific Cinematheque

THUR 24

Crosby, Stills & Nash@Pacific Coliseum; Kurosawa Returns@Pacific Cinematheque, Animal Collective, Frog Eyes@Pat's Pub

FRI 25

Jay Farrar@Richard's; John Wool@Pacific Cinematheque

SAT 26

Soledad Brothers@Brickyard; John Wool@Pacific Cinematheque

SUN 27

John Wool@Pacific Cinematheque

MON 28

Cottars@WISE Hall; John Wool@Pacific Cinematheque

TUE 29

Amandasonic@Pic; Kurosawa Returns@Pacific Cinematheque

THUR 31

Aimee Mann@Commodore; Kurosawa Returns@Pacific Cinematheque

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS JULY 23. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

special events

MORVERN CALLAR JUNE 27-JULY 3 TINSELTOWN

You probably missed this film at last year's VFF, I know I did. I can't guarantee the film will be good but the soundtrack is killer. And it's on Warp. And it has Can. Can on the big screen with the big speakers. Imagine.

ANIMAL COLLECTIVE FROG EYES JULY 24 PAT'S PUB

When they started out, they sounded like David Bowie shot through with searing white noise. Then they dropped the electronics for acoustic tribal drone and increasing weirdness. Remember that time you almost saw the Boredoms but stayed home instead? Don't fuck up again.

JOHN WOOL RETROSPECTIVE JULY 25-29 PACIFIC CINEMATHEQUE

Spend five days watching the most beautifully intense gunfights ever put on celluloid. (And, yes, I am taking Sam Peckinpah into account, you pretentious film school prats— shut your whiny gobbs and leave the house.)

places to be

active pass records	324 w. hasting	604.646.2411	pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
bassix records	217 w. hasting	604.689.7734	railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
beatstreet records	3-712 robsen	604.683.3344	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
blinding light!!	36 powell	604.878.3366	red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	royal	1029 granville	
club 23	23 west cordova		scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
crossdown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
legion of van	300 west pender		vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
lotus hotel	455 abbott		video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555	western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050	yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
pacific cinémathèque	1131 howe	604.688.8202	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232
pat's pub	403 east hasting	604.255.4301			

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COOL IT DOWN ZULU'S SOUNDS OF THE SUMMER

FROG EYES

The Golden River CD

There is no need to be ashamed of one's taste in literature. Every book is equal if read in the right way. The quibbling point, however, is that there is no one right way; it's an issue of perspective. For example, should literature be read with quiet poise or should it be buried in the back garden? Who knows? Perhaps the best thing is to stumble on through this noisome stumbling point, loping along with the momentum. It's like trying to define the condition of genius: impossible! Basically, you know it when you see it. If in bricking, pop music, or whatever the case may be, if in a pinch, Victoria's **FROG EYES** provide a compelling answer to both debates: One, literature needs to be sung loudly overtop of a sometimes-spooky carnivalesque caterwauling; and two, **Cary Mercer** is a fucking genius. As such, **The Golden River** is a masterpiece for an endless drunken pile of the holy road to full enlightenment. In the end, it's both, exactly both. Recommended.

CD 22.98

THE CIENTELE The Violet Hour CD

Here is some more great music for (classic) indie rock enthusiasts longing for the heyday of literature and winsome, guitar-driven intelligent pop, aka **Galaxie 500**, Felt and the rest of their respected, book-reading ilk. No nostalgia here, though, more an adult consciousness, an informed and decidedly satisfied culture. In other words, this is fantastic living room music for social drinkers. And frankly, we welcome this music with great relief! At last, we can't exclaim, "something to play for company during after dinner coffee that isn't disappointing." Then again, everyone will be happy to hear **The Violet Hour**, again, non-new homeworship, slick as the rest of us. Indeed, there is something worthwhile for everyone: **THE CIENTELE's** enjoyably dreamlike aesthetic is muted, blurred and open to interpretation. AVAILABLE JULY 27TH

CD 16.98

TRUBY TRIO Elevator Music CD/2LP

Who, elevator music? Fear not, reader, but the **Truby Trio** offer you hear on the way up to your 15th floor office every morning, this is mood music for the elevator in your head. In other words: soothing sound to genuinely help relax the mind and gently in the spirit. Noted experts in the field mood-inducing downtempo, **Truby Trio** and company are well regarded by aficionados of sophisticated electronic music, the very name conjures images of pacific equanimity. This epic fusion of chilled beats and global grooves is only bound to reconfirm this trio's considerable "radio" reputation. Another hit from the ever-reliable Compost imprint.

CD 22.98 2LP 29.98

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL JULY 31, 2002



JOEL Return Of The Fucked CD

It's ugly, are you guilty? Are the first words you hear on this, the third instalment in the "JOEL Variations" learner's series. Don't bother answering, 'cuz he's already done it for you. There is a picture of a pirate ship on the cover and some pirates were known to mix a little gunpowder in their rum punch. What does that mean? **JOEL** knows. He drew a treasure map that it help you find all the broken pieces of your heart, currently scattered all over the rough, interlocking sea called Vancouver. A motley crew of water-dwells populate this record, namely **Black Rice**, members of **Operation Makout**, and **The Boers** (as the A Minus), all contributing to the high-stakes mayhem - and all starting in the booty. Fifteen cannon balls shot at your muzzon forehead. A quarter of my life with my head up my ass has made me flexible. **JOEL** says - and grovels! CHECK OUT HIS CD RELEASE SHOW, JULY 5AT THE SUGAR REFINERY!

CD 12.98

THE PINE VALLEY COSMONAUTS The Executioner's Last Songs Volume 2 & 3 2CD

As with volume one, these new instalments in **The Executioner's Last Songs** series find country-punk legend **Jon Langford** teaming up with a host of guest vocalists, recording murder ballads for the benefit of The Illinois Coalition Against The Death Penalty and The National Coalition To Abolish The Death Penalty. The vapourwave and lo-fi souls stepping up to the microphone (this time include **Mark Eitzel**, **David Yow**, **Kurt Wagner** and legendary psych-folk genius, **Kevin Coyne**). With more stylistic variation on display and more contemporary compositions being bled up the time around, it seems like the **Cosmonauts** are building up a broad-based substantial body of work on this project, and all for a bargain two-for-one price. O death.

2CD 19.98

MARS VOLTA De-Loused in the Comatorium CD

What happened at The Drive in, that upstart dynamo that promised to take the mainstream by storm? **Mars Volta**, for one thing, and man does it sound good to us. We hear smoking and kicking auto-style rock with somewhat psychedelic, even almost prog-rock flourishes. It's like if **Heavy Day Real Estate** and **Toad** met up on an early **Genesis** fan website and got together to rock out like **Led Zeppelin**. Ridiculous? Not even. At a time when some million rockers hype their supposed angry past and try to reinvent themselves as present day trailblazers, some fresh faces come up with something so wholly right-on that it blows all the tired old shit away, leaving only crying ashes and stunned gaspers behind. Oh yes, this will be the soundtrack for many, many rock fans' summer, eager for a little something REAL. And yeah man, they're still got the hair.

CD 12.98



AMERICAN ANALOG SET Promise of Love CD/LP

Calling all drone rockers! Remember the good old days of blessed-out rock? Remember when the lonely sound of the oscillating Acetone, its keys taped down, was all you needed? Remember back when **Stereolab's Peng** was the perfect fusion of dream pop and post-prog? Well, it's time to finally update your record collection with another gem in the genre! With five excellent post-Velvets drone rock releases to their name, Texas' **AMERICAN ANALOG SET** seem finally ready to receive their critical due. Promise of Love features eight long tracks that stretch way out without ever needlessly rocking out. Instead, the entire effort floats along like **Yo La Tengo** or **Galaxie 500** on sadwaves. We recommend.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

BONOB Dial 'M' For Monkey CD/2LP

There is no need to phone long distance to monkey around with this Ninja Tune and Vancouver favourite. **Simon Green's** now one could be called Dial 'T' For Just Can't Stop Nodding My Head to This Great Instrumental Hip Hop CD, although it's awesome by any name - but hey Ninja Tune, you should keep it in mind for the next one, eh. Yes, with glorious summertime officially official, this stuff is like a fresh hot drink on the spacious back patio of your favourite bar of nightclub. Here's the recipe to use: just mix **BONOB** with company and friends, shake a few times, add ice, and before you know it, good times, good times, good times. Think we're kidding? Come on in and check this out on our Downtempo Listening Booth.

CD 16.98 2LP 19.98

LIFESAVES Spirit In Stone CD/2LP

Head up! This is an LP that's going to find its way into the hearts and homes of all discerning hip-hopers. The fact that it represents the latest project from the Quannum school of hard beats should be enough to sell you on this one. Appearances by **J-Live**, **Lyrics Born**, **Lateef**, **Blackalicious** and **DJ Shadow** will doubtless serve to sweeten the deal. Oh, and they're from Portland, which makes them practically local as far as we're concerned. We'll see you at the record store on July first!

CD/2LP 16.98

WHY? OKLANAZULASYLUM LP/CD

Genre is dead! Long live personality! In our ongoing effort to highlight outsider talent, Zulu's talent scouts are proud to present the debut solo full-length by **ELWOOD DEAD** enigma and **Anticon** cohort **Why?** More than the latest step in his development of "post-rock", this is the first underground hip-hop record that's like to appeal to fans of **Black and The Flaming Lips** as it is to capture the hearts of backpack-sporting B-boys n' rhyms. It's as if **WHY?** started out with the usual beats-and-rhymes formula, before abruptly removing all traces of beats or rhymes until all that was left was the sound of his own wounded-but-noble heart. This kind of courageous and brilliant record is the true wave of the future - you mark our words!

LP 16.98 CD 22.98



Calling out of place around the office water cooler. If while your peers discourse knowingly on the finer points of new wave, post-punk and art-punk, both new and old (far not friends), No one should face such an embarrassing predicament - EVER! As such, Zulu is proud, happy and thankful to offer two great new compilations that'll help fill - indeed, heartily overfill - that pesky knowledge deficit. "Leave no music fan behind," is our motto!

Various Artists New York Noise: Dance Music From the New York Underground CD/2LP

This is an awesome introduction to the best of the currently vital New York punk/cut art-funk bands of the early '80s. Featuring **Liquid Liquid**, **ESQ**, **Konk**, **The Decks**, **Minscar**, **Lizy Mercer**, **Desclous**, **Rahmetzay**, **K.Rob**, **Bush Tetras**, **Glen Branca**, **The Bloods**, **Binscar**, **I Theoretical Girls**, **James White** and **The Blacks**, **Defunkt**, and **Mars**. And with the Soul Jazz seal of approval, you know this comp is the shit. So long eBay. Who needs rare vinyl when you've got a hot collection like this, and conveniently on CD, too? Skinny ties for all! AVAILABLE JULY 27TH

CD 22.98 2LP 24.98

Various Artists Rough Trade Shop: Post Punk 1 2CD

Get up to speed quick with this massive 2CD set in the **Mute/Rough Trade** shop collaboration series. Featuring **Bang On Fire**, **Bush Tetras**, **Les Georges Leningrad**, **The Futureheads**, **The Pop Group**, **James White** and **The Blacks**, **Liquid**, **World Domination Enterprises**, **The Rapture**, **Blurt**, **Delta 5**, **Family Fodder**, **The Slits**, **Gramme**, **The Rogers Sisters**, **Magazine**, **Pigbag**, **The Raincoats**, **ESQ**, **Bill Llamme**, **Swirl Mops**, **23 Skidoo**, **The Au Pairs**, **Chicks on Speed**, **New Age Steppers**, **Erase Errata**, **Public Image Ltd**, **Shockheaded Peter**, **DNA**, **The Fall**, **Life Without Buildings**, **Young Marble Giants**, **UK Decay**, **Crispy Ambulance**, **Scritti Politti**, **XTC**, **The Flying Lizards**, **No-Dettes**, **The Prats**, **Fats Comet** and **The Big Sound**, **Liquid Liquid**, **Essential Logic**, **Wire** and **Maxim Joy**. Holy shit! Problem solved!

2CD 29.98

OTHER STOCK:

Papa M - #3 **OAKLANAZULASYLUM LP/CD**
Kurtin - My Way 12"
Lali Puna - Left Handed **CDEP/12"**
Pole - 90/90 **CDEP/12"**
Aron Tobin - Vandal Remixed 12"
Erase Errata - The Dancing Machine **CD/12"**
Super Friends - Whole Energy CD
Dst - Whale Rider CD
Fourtet - Dialogue Reissue CD
Swayzak - Fabric 11 CD
Manitoba - Hendrix With KO **CDEP/12"**

MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON SUNDAY JULY 27th 4PM

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